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ALADDIN.

BY J. R. L.

When I was a beggar boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend or a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain.

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power and good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose—
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REWARD WITHDRAWN.

A FEW minutes before midnight Stephen Thornton rang the bell of the great house in Grosvenor Square and asked to see Lord Alceston. He was shown at once into a small study on the ground-floor and in a few minutes was joined by his friend.

Thornton was not a man of keen sympathies, nor was he naturally an observant man. But when he saw Lord Alceston enter the room he rose to his feet with a quick exclamation.

"My dear man," he said, in a pitying voice, "how ghastly bad you look! You ought to be in bed. I'm sorry I came so late; I ought to have put it off until to-morrow."

Lord Alceston sank into an easy-chair and shook his head.

"I'm glad you did not put it off. I have been expecting you. I shouldn't have gone to bed if you hadn't come. I am anxious to hear what happened after I left you."

"I'll tell you directly. May I have a brandy-and-seltzer first, though? I've come straight from Whitechapel."

"Of course."

Lord Alceston rang the bell and the brandy-and-seltzer was brought. Thornton helped himself and passed a tumblerful across the table.

"I'll not speak a word until you have drunk that down," he said. "Why, your lips are blue, and you are shaking all over. Is anything fresh the matter?"

"No; that is, nothing of consequence. I'm not very well."

He took up the tumbler and drained it. Thornton took out a cigar case and passed it to him.

"Try one of these. You'll find a smoke will do you good," he said. "There, that's right. You look more yourself now. Do you know you quite frightened me when you first came in. And now for my news, such news as it is. It's a wonder I'm here to tell it. They took me for a detective or a spy down at the Rising Sun and wanted to mob me. Only just got off."

"Ah!" Lord Alceston made no further remark and Thornton continued:

"I haven't been altogether unsuccessful. In the first place, I know the name of the man who had her buried and who attended her funeral. Here it is—Leopold de Feurget, Chandos Street," he said, throwing a piece of paper across the table.

Lord Alceston's fingers closed upon it and he nodded. To all appearance he might have been a quite uninterested listener to Thornton's recital. But Thornton was used to studying men's faces and he knew that it was otherwise.

"Of the three men who seemed to have visited the woman on the night of her murder I have found out nothing as yet of importance. Yet what I have heard is mysterious. This murder was no common one, Alceston. Nor were those visitors common men. I have made no inquiries in this direction yet. Scotland Yard will have done all that, I dare say."

He looked across at his friend as though fearing that he would appear disappointed. But Lord Alceston did not appear disappointed.

"I have been making inquiries in another direction," Thornton continued. "From the talk which went on in the tavern I learned that there was one person with whom the murdered woman had occasionally talked and who was supposed to be to a certain extent her confidante. I went to see that woman."

"Did she tell you anything?"

"Not much. But she astonished me more than I was ever astonished in my life."

"How? What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. I found her in an attic working at her trade. A tailoress she is. She absolutely refused to answer one of my questions. I offered her money—a good deal of money—but she still refused. Just as I was leaving her she called me back.

"'Who was the young gentleman with you in —— Street to-day?' she asked. I saw no reason for concealment, so I told her your name. 'Tell him,' she said, 'that if he will come to me alone I will tell him all I know about the murdered woman.' I couldn't get another word out of her, nor any explanation; so I came away. Her name and address are on that piece of paper, too—Sall Greenwood, 4 Crane's Court, Fitchett Street, Whitechapel."

Lord Alceston's fingers closed over the piece of paper, and he transferred it to his waistcoat pocket. Then he resumed his former position, his face half shaded with his hand.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Important?"

"Very."

Lord Alceston changed his position uneasily.

"What is it?" he asked.

Thornton leaned across the table and looked very grave indeed.

"I discovered something—almost by accident—which seems as though it were, indeed, a link between the two murders."

"And the link is?"

"Neillson."

Lord Alceston drew a long breath and the color came back to his cheeks.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"That's very soon done. It seemed to me that the cross-examination of Mrs. Judkin, the landlady, at the inquest, was very weak, and as I passed the house on my way back I went in and saw her."

"Yes?"

"I frightened her."

"Yes?"

"And I made her acknowledge that she had secreted something which she had found in the dead woman's room."

"Yes? What was it?"

Thornton took a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and threw it across the table.

"A fifty-pound note," he said quietly, "and the number is 202,096."

Lord Alceston repeated the number as though not appreciating its significance.

"Don't you remember," Thornton said, "that is the number of one of the notes which your father, the Earl of Harrowdean, drew from Coutts' on the morning of his murder, and which Neillson evidently decamped with?"

Lord Alceston grasped the note tightly in his fingers and sat back in his chair. For a moment or two the room seemed to be swimming round him and there was a low buzzing in his ears. Then he felt a cool hand upon his forehead, some brandy streaming down his throat. With a great effort he pulled himself together and sat up.

"I'm all right, thanks," he said weakly. "I'll sit quite still for a minute or two."

There was a short silence. Then Lord Alceston got up.

"Thornton," he said, "I asked you to help me in this, and you've done so like a brick. I'm immensely obliged to you."

"That's all right," Thornton answered. "I'm glad we've been so fortunate. We've made a good start, at any rate."

"And the start must be the finish," Lord Alceston said slowly. "Thornton, I want to drop this, drop it altogether. I want what we have found out to remain a profound secret, buried between us two."

Thornton was a man whom it was not easy to surprise, but he started and looked at his friend incredulously.

"Do you mean this?" he asked slowly.

"I do."

"You mean to say that now the clew is in your hands you want to throw it up? You don't intend to follow it?"

"I do mean that. I have the strongest reasons."

"What are they?"

"I cannot tell you, Thornton. You must take my word."

"You may be mistaken. You may have got hold of some idea."

"I am not mistaken."

"I'm not at all sure that we shouldn't be liable to be indicted for conspiracy."

"I will take the risk of that."

Thornton thought for a moment, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"Very good; you are the most interested in this matter, of course, and you shall have your own way. But I tell you frankly that I don't understand this and I don't like it. Good night."

He left somewhat abruptly, for he was annoyed; and he was one of those men who never take the trouble to hide their annoyance. But Lord Alceston knew that he would keep his word and he let him go without further protest.

On the following morning the papers contained a somewhat strange announcement. The reward of one thousand pounds for the discovery of Philip Neillson had been withdrawn without any explanation. The inference was obvious. The authorities no longer believed in his guilt, and though Scotland Yard was not supposed to be affected by the offering of the reward at all, the search for the missing man became weak and half-hearted. The one possible clew was swept away, and the murderers of the Earl of Harrowdean and of the unknown woman in the East End were still at large. The papers had plenty to say about it, and Scotland Yard very little. The chief inspector of the latter was worried almost out of his senses. But perhaps Stephen Thornton was of all men the most perplexed.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. BRUDNELL'S ADVICE.

There were very few family solicitors in London of higher standing than Mr. John Brudnell, of Brudnell & Sons, Bedford Row. The names on the piles of tin boxes which lined his private office from floor to ceiling were most of them familiar by their greatness, and never failed to inspire awe in the minds of a casual caller or a fresh client. On one of the largest and most prominent of these was painted in large letters the name of the Earl of Harrowdean. Mr. Brudnell, his father, and before him his grandfather, had managed successfully and carefully the affairs of the Alceston family, and Mr. Brudnell himself had been admitted to terms almost of intimacy with the deceased peer. Consequently the lawyer was by no means surprised on his arrival at the office at ten o'clock on the morning following Lord Alceston's interview with his mother to be told that the young Earl of Harrowdean was waiting to see him in his private room.

If he was not surprised Mr. Brudnell seemed by no means eager for the impending interview. He stepped slowly back into the street and dismissed the trim little brougham which had brought him from his luxurious little villa at St. John's Wood, and then, instead of immediately re-entering the office, he strolled for a minute or two slowly up and down the pavement with downcast eyes and with his hands folded behind him.

He was a man of tall and commanding presence and with nothing about his personality, at all events, of the typical lawyer. But none the less he enjoyed a great reputation in legal circles for shrewdness and acumen, and the confidence of his advice was most flattering. But though Mr. Brudnell was a man of the world, and was possessed of an almost unlimited experience in the management of his clients, for once in his lifetime he felt in a quandary. Of course there were a hundred matters on which the Earl of Harrowdean might have come to consult him—but supposing it should be that! How was he to get out of it? What explanation or answer could he possibly give? At best he could cut but a poor figure, unless he lied, and strange though it may appear, notwithstanding his profession Mr. Brudnell never permitted himself to deviate from the strict truth. He had often anticipated some such interview as this, but although he liked always to be prepared for any emergency, he had never been able to formulate any satisfactory scheme for dealing with it. As he stood reflecting for the last time on the steps of his office he could see only one course to to take, and it was by no means a pleasant one. It might cost him his post as legal adviser to the Alceston family, but there was no other course open to him, he decided, as he thoughtfully twirled his long gray mustache the last time and then turned into the office.

Lord Alceston was walking impatiently up and down his private room when he entered it. At the sound of the opening door he stopped short and turned round.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Brudnell. I'm an early visitor, you see."

"Very glad to see you, Lord Alceston, at any time," the lawyer answered, drawing off his gloves. "Won't you sit down? You'll find that easy-chair comfortable."

Lord Alceston took it and sat for a moment or two in silence, watching Mr. Brudnell while he carefully hung up his overcoat and hat and put the gardenia which he drew from his button-hole into a little vase filled with fresh water. Then he took a chair in front of his table and, turning round on it, faced his client.

"You have come to have a talk about the property, of course, my lord," he began. "There is a good deal about which I should like your opinion and instructions. The long leases on the Clanavon estate, for instance——"

"I did not come to talk about the estate, or anything to do with it," Lord Alceston interrupted. "My errand is a totally different one."

The lawyer looked into the pale, almost desperate face of the young peer and knew that what he feared was coming. But he did nothing to make the task easier for his client. He sat in absolute silence for several minutes and waited for the inevitable.

"What I came to see you about," Lord Alceston commenced slowly, "has reference to my father's private affairs."

"I thought so," groaned the lawyer to himself.

"Naturally, after I had recovered a little from the first horror of his murder, the first thing which occurred to me was a strong desire that the man who had committed this hideous deed should be found and punished. I felt, and I feel now, that I shall never rest until the rope is around the neck of the villain who committed that brutal murder. You are a man, and can scarcely wonder at this, I think, Mr. Brudnell."

Mr. Brudnell acknowledged gravely that the feeling was a natural one, and then looked away from the keenly flashing eyes which were fixed upon him with a little sigh and a presentiment of approaching trouble.

"Mr. Brudnell, I loved my father. Vengeance may be a most unchristianlike sentiment, but it is a very natural one. It has laid hold of me—has laid hold of me so completely that every other feeling seems swept away before it. I have sworn that the man who killed my father must die."

"Every one must hope that the police will succeed in their quest and that the wretch will expiate his crime on the scaffold," murmured the lawyer sententiously. "I was at Scotland Yard yesterday, making inquiries, and they seemed hopeful."

"Hang Scotland Yard!" said Lord Alceston impatiently, for the lawyer's tone as well as the mention of the place had irritated him. "I never expected that Scotland Yard would do any good."

"Then how, may I ask, did you hope that the murderer would be discovered?" Mr. Brudnell inquired.

"I meant to track him down myself," the young man answered fiercely. "Ay, and I mean so still. But before I had been able to take my first step even I receive what has been a great shock to me."

Mr. Brudnell said nothing, but waited for Lord Alceston to proceed. His face was generally as impassive as a face could be, but at that moment he felt it hard to conceal the apprehension which was drawing in upon him. Lord Alceston, watching him closely, saw it, and it made him the more eager.

"It is suggested to me, Mr. Brudnell—I will not say by whom, or how—that there may be in my father's past life some secret which would afford the clew to his murder. It is further suggested that about this secret there may be something, at least, of guilt, something for which at any rate the world would not hold him guiltless. I am told that this hideous crime may be the vengeance of some injured man, and that if I prosecute my search for him I may drag into life some disgraceful story of the past which will bring shame upon my father's memory. As though in support of this I am told a circumstance which happened on the night of his murder, which if generally known would at least cause scandal, and for that reason I am bidden, I am implored, to let the whole matter rest and to let the murderer go in peace."

"If there be any truth in the suggestions of which you speak, my lord," the lawyer remarked in a low tone, "the advice was good."

"But do you think that I believe in this—this——"

"The very best men have sometimes sinned in the days of their youth," Mr. Brudnell interrupted him.

"True, and if my father ever did so, I will not be his judge. But before I let his murder remain unavenged, I must know more—I must hear something more than suggestions."

There was a short silence. Seeing that the lawyer was not disposed to break it, Lord Alceston arose and, moving to the opposite side of the writing-table, stood facing him.

"Mr. Brudnell, listen to me! If there is anything in my father's life which he kept concealed from the world, you are the one man who would know it. You know that I am not here out of mere idle curiosity. If anything less depended upon it I would never dream of needless prying into his secrets. But what has happened alters all that. It is my duty to ask, and yours to tell, anything which can throw light upon this. I ask you a plain question, Mr. Brudnell; give me a plain answer. Have you any reason to believe that in following out my search for my father's murderer I run any risk of bringing to light anything which had better be kept secret?"

The lawyer did not hesitate for a moment. He looked straight into the pale, anxious face bending over toward his, and answered him:

"I have."

"My God!"

Lord Alceston took a quick step backward, as though he had received a blow. He had come here quite expecting some such avowal, and yet, now that it had come, it came as a shock to him.

"You must tell me all about it," he said slowly. "I must know all."

"I cannot," the lawyer said.

"But I tell you that I will know!" cried Lord Alceston fiercely. "I will hear the whole story, and I will judge for myself what risk I run of bringing it all to light if I carry on the search for his murderer. Do you think that my vengeance can die so easily—can fade away at two words from you? I must know all."

"Never from me," said the lawyer.

"Then shame be upon you," cried Lord Alceston bitterly, "if I do mischief; for I shall follow this thing out to the bitter end!"

The lawyer rose to his feet and held up his hand, for Lord Alceston had caught up his hat as though about to depart.

"Sit down, my lord," he said, "and I will tell you what I may."

CHAPTER XVII.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST.

"I DARE say you know," Mr. Brudnell commenced, "that your father had a long minority. He was an orphan at six years old, and until he came of age I saw very little of him. After then, however, he came to see me frequently, and although I was rather young at that time he honored me, I believe, with his full confidence. When he was twenty-two years old he left England on leave from his regiment for a year's travel. It was soon afterward that his troubles began.

"At first he wrote to me occasionally, but very soon he left off doing so, and I had no news of him for sometime, except through his bankers. About a year after his departure I was sent for in great haste by the manager of the bank. From him I learned that your father had already overdrawn his account very considerably, and that afternoon another draft for a large amount had been presented by the agents of a foreign bank. What were they to do? Of course I authorized the payment of the draft, but I wrote to your father that night pointing out the position of affairs. By return I got a peremptory demand for a further large sum, to obtain which I had to sell out a quantity of very well-invested stock. I heard nothing then——"

"Forgive my interrupting you; but where was my father at this time?" asked Lord Alceston. Mr. Brudnell shook his head.

"That is just one of the things which I may not tell you. To proceed, I heard nothing more from your father for a month, and then news came to me in a startling manner. I had some friends dining with me one night, when word was brought in to me that a man wished to see me who would take no denial and who seemed greatly agitated. I made some excuse to my guests for a moment. In the little anteroom I found waiting for me, travel-stained and pale with excitement and fear, Neilson, your father's servant.

"I cannot tell you why he sought me, Lord Alceston. I can only tell you this—that his news was such that I left my house within an hour and traveled night and day until I reached your father. I was unsuccessful in my journey, and notwithstanding all my entreaties I was obliged to return to England alone. Your father professed unbounded gratitude to me, but the one thing which I begged of him he would not do. He was mad at that time, I think, or he would not have stayed in that place. But he did, and I had to come back without him. I did not see him again for three years, when he returned to England to take up his commission in the army. Very soon afterward he was married."

"What you have told me is the husk without the kernel. I want to know where my father was during his mysterious absence from England, and what was the danger from which you saved him. Do you mean that you will tell me no more?"

"I do, Lord Alceston. In this very room I gave your father my solemn promise that no word of it should ever pass my lips. I cannot think that you will urge me to break a promise which should surely be considered sacred to the dead."

"No, I cannot urge it," Lord Alceston admitted. "And yet, if he could have foreseen anything like this happening—it makes things so different."

"My lord," said Mr. Burdnell, "I was not myself wholly in your father's confidence. But, judging from what I do know, I should say that it makes no difference. My opinion is that he would rather his murder remained unavenged than that that page of his history should be read out to the world in the avenging it."

"That I shall try to judge for myself," said Lord Alceston, "for I shall try to find out what was written on that page. Then I shall use my judgment."

Mr. Brudnell shook his head.

"It will be a sad waste of time, my lord."

"I am young and I can spare it. I must do something in this. I cannot sit down in idleness."

"You have my advice, Lord Alceston, the advice of an old man of the world, and one, too, who has the additional advantage of knowing far more about the matter than you do. Let the matter rest as it is. You can do your father no possible good by seeking his murderer. Revenge is only a sentiment and it is certainly not a noble sentiment."

"I do not seek revenge, Mr. Brudnell," said Lord Alceston, rising and drawing on his gloves. "I seek justice."

"It may be, my lord, that that has already been dealt out," replied Mr. Brudnell, also rising.

"What, in my father's death? Do you mean that that was an act of justice? Do you mean an——"

The lawyer laid his hand upon the young man's arm and checked him.

"Nay, my lord, I did not mean that. Have you ever thought what must be the state of mind of a murderer? Though he be a very devil there must be moments of fear, of remorse. A man's sin carries with it always its own punishment."

"It may be so, Mr. Brudnell. I hope that it is so. But I did not come here to discuss abstract questions of morality. As to the course I intend to pursue my mind is quite made up. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, my lord."

Mr. Brudnell attended his distinguished client to the outer door and then returned to his private room. There was a pile of business waiting for him and his head clerk was impatient for his instructions for the day. But Mr. Brudnell put them all off for a while, and, shutting himself up in his room, sat down in front of his table with a troubled look in his face. He had an odd habit sometimes, when he was perplexed, of talking to himself, and he found himself doing so now.

"I must see Lady Alceston at once," he said softly. "Perhaps she knows. I know there was nothing at Grosvenor Square, for I searched every drawer of the cabinet. If he has not destroyed them they are at Clanavon. I ought to have insisted upon seeing them burned. One always thinks of these things when it is too late. Perhaps I had better go down there. Yes, that will be best. Let me see, to-day is Tuesday. I cannot go to-day; and to-morrow Lord Filgrave's case is on. It must be Thursday."

He took up a book of engagements, and crossing out several already entered, wrote "Clanavon" across the space opposite Thursday. Then he rang for his head clerk, and announced himself ready for the day's business.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A VOICE FROM THE CLIFFS.

HIGH up on the summit of a long line of iron-bound cliffs frown the battered remains of what was once a great castle. Many hundred feet below a gray stormy sea, which even in the calmest of summer seems never at rest, dashes in with an increasing melancholy roar upon the few yards of shingly beach and the worn cliff side. The country around and behind is a barren moorland, treeless and uncultivated and houseless. Only a keen eye could detect, right down in the shelter of the cliffs, a few red-tiled cottages huddled close together as though for protection from the wild, sweeping winds, and in front of them a few brown-sailed fishing boats, and here and there a net. Sometimes the fishermen cowered over a common fire and told wild, eerie stories—for they were North Country folk and superstitious. Sometimes they stood on the grinding shingles bathed in a shadow of salt spray and looked longingly but hopelessly out through the clouds of mist and storm to the sea to which they dared not trust themselves; and sometimes they all joined in laboring to repair the misfortunes of one of their little community, and mended a net, or a sail, or hammered fresh planks into the bottom of a leaking boat. It was a plain, rough, hard life, with many sorrows and few joys; yet they lived it without grumbling, and on the whole with quite as much satisfaction as many of their more fortunately situated fellows.

It is in the autumn when their lot seems hardest and the battle of life most severe; and it is mid-autumn now. A wild, gusty wind comes roaring over the unquiet German Ocean, furrowing the gray sea with mountainous waves, and dashing them in upon that little strip of storm bound coast with all the fury of an army of angry demons cast loose upon the restless water.

As the hours of night drew on, the thick pall of darkness which had been weighing upon earth and sea was pierced by the sudden appearance of the full moon from behind a thick bank of fast-moving black clouds. At the door of the cottage which supplied the place of an inn to the little hamlet stood Jim Doore, landlord of the same, tempted outside for a moment by the sudden appearance of the moon. Holding his pipe behind his back lest the wind should blow it into ashes and rob him of his last few minutes' stolid enjoyment before retiring for the night, he took a few cautious steps shoreward and looked around him. First he cast a long, anxious glance over the wildly tossing sea, and drew a long, deep breath of relief when he saw no trace of any craft fighting a vain battle with the elements—for Jim Doore was a humane man. Then he glanced up at the castle and noted the two glimmering lights which shone from different parts of it. At one of these he looked with indifference; on the other, high up in the uninhabited portion of the keep, he looked long with frowning brow and displeased mien.

"'Tis uncanny," he muttered between his teeth, gravely shaking his head. "I don't loike it! It bodes noa good, noa good."

He looked away and turned toward his cottage. Through the window he could see the cheerful blaze of a large fire and several men on a rude bench seated around it smoking. Closer still to the window was his wife, her hard, weather-stained yet comely face peering out into the darkness, with a shade of anxiety in it, looking for her absent lord. Suddenly she made out his burly figure, and called to him:

"Coom thee in out o' th' wet, lad! Coom on!"

The invitation was not one to be despised, especially accompanied as it was with a smile which was meant to be and was to him inviting. Jim Doore looked in at the cheerful fireside and into his wife's face, and drew a sigh of something which was very much like content.

He lounged forward, and in another minute would have been safe inside his door. But with his hand upon the latch he paused and stood quite still in a listening attitude. Was it his fancy, or had he not heard a faint shout from above, among the cliffs?

Suddenly a fierce gust of wind came tearing seaward and down the cliff side. This time there was no doubt about it. It carried with it the faint but unmistakable "Hallos!" of a human being.

Jim Doore was a devout Catholic, and the first thing he did was to cross himself. That operation performed to his satisfaction, he rapidly ran over in his mind the names of his few neighbors. There were twelve in all and five were in his rude parlor. The other seven he had seen during the evening, and knew them to be safe in their homes. The shout, faint though it was through the distance, was no woman's or child's. No one but a man, and a man with sound lungs, could have made his voice heard above the din of the storm.

Excitement was a rare visitor to Jim Doore, and when it came, it came slowly. But it was on the way now. Again came that faint "Hallos!" Setting his feet a little apart, and throwing his head a little back, he raised his hands to his mouth and sent forth an answering shout which scared a whole colony of sea-gulls and made the air beat and vibrate around him.

The cottage door was thrown open and its temporary occupants came trooping forth, Mrs. Doore in the van.

"What be'ast e-doin', mon?" cried she. "Tha'st amost broak the windos wi' tha' shouting."

He pointed up to the cliff side, which towered above them.

"Theer's a mon theer, lass. I tell 'ee I 'eard um shoat. Fetch t' lanthorn; we mun gos and seek."

"Summun on t' cliff? Why, nos, lad; they be al' at whoam."

"I tell 'ee I 'eard um. Listen 'ee."

There was a silence, and sure enough the sound of another "Hallos!" reached them from above. There were murmurings of amazement among the little group—almost of fear. Strangers never came to their little cluster of abodes, and this must be the hail of a stranger. Who could it be? What could he want with them? The little handful of men, slow-witted by nature and position, looked at one another helplessly. It was Mrs. Doore whose common sense first mastered her surprise.

"A mon it be surely, and if he be got off the paeth, he'll be nigh breaking his neck if you lads doan't stir yereself. Whoi doan't ye be up and foind 'im? Now then, Jim."

There was a stir among the men, and they prepared to move forward. Just as they were starting a sudden storm of wind and rain extinguished the lantern which Mrs. Doore had brought out, and there was a pause. When it was brought out relit the wind had increased to a hurricane. The storm which came raging in from the sea seemed to have gained fresh and redoubled vigor from the momentary lull. Far off came the sound of the breakers lashing themselves against the worn, jagged rocks, and nearer still the sea swept in upon the hard beach with a threatening, murderous roar, and, having spent its force, retreated, grinding the pebbles and shingles together till the air seemed rent with the screams of the "maddened beach."

"It's a terrible noight, lads!" shouted Jim Doore to his little band. "We mum keep together."

They moved off, keeping close under the shelter of the giant cliff which overhung their cluster of homesteads, though even at that distance every now and then the salt spray from the foaming sea came dashing into their faces. At the foot of the winding path, from which the shout had come, they paused and joined hands before commencing the ascent.

"We mun howd on toight to one another, lads!" cried Jim Doore. "If one o' them theer gusts cooms on we shall loike to be blowed roight ower into the sea. Noo then."

They commenced their climb, every now and then crouching down to avoid the fury of the storm. Presently Jim tried a "Hallos!" and it was answered immediately, with a distinctness which showed them that their quest was nearly over.

"Steady, lads," cried Jim, waving his lantern; "he be away theer to the roight!"

They turned down a narrow sheep-track which seemed literally to overhang the sea below, and made their way slowly along it with great care. In a few minutes Jim paused and held up his hand. The dark figure of a man confronted them, standing in the middle of the path.

"I've missed the path somewhere, have not I?" he inquired. "I thought I was wrong somehow, but it was so infernally dark that I was afraid to try and find my way back again, and I didn't like going on either, so I shouted. Glad you heard me. Are you from the castle or from the village?"

"We be coom from down below," answered Jim, pointing through the thick darkness to where their few cottages lay grouped together. "It be lucky that you didn't try to get much forreder on this 'ere path, or you'd a-walked right over th' edge o' cliff. Wouldn't he, Bill?" he added, turning round to the foremost of his companions.

"Surely."

"That's just what I was afraid of," remarked the stranger. "Can any of you down there put me up for the night, or show me the way to Clanavon Castle?"

There was a distinct sensation among the little group of men. A visitor on his way to the castle! Such a thing was never heard of. Forgetting his manners in his curiosity, Jim raised his lantern, and for the first time had a glimpse of the stranger.

He saw a tall, finely-built young man, whose handsome face, notwithstanding the rain and storm and the danger which he had certainly been in, was in no way discomposed; and apparently he saw something else too, for after a brief inspection he lowered the lantern and touched his cap with a gesture of respect.

"Yer 'onor a' ta'en wrong turn fer t' castle," he said. "A' should a' kept roight on, and never a' coom down this path. 'Tis a stiff clamb back agen, now, an' nout ower safe."

"What am I to do, then?" the young man asked, shrugging his shoulders. "Can any of you put me up for the night?"

"If ya doan't moind roughing it, yer 'onor, down in moi bit o' a cottage, the missus——" began Jim Doore.

"Mind roughing it? Not I, my man. A good fire and a blanket are all I want. I'm wet through to the skin. Lead the way."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRANGER.

THE little procession re-formed and commenced the descent, Jim Doore and the stranger leading the way, the others close behind. Once Bill Simpson, Jim's partner, managed to edge himself into the front line for a minute, and drew the latter a little on one side.

"Dost a' know 'un be, Jim?" he whispered.

"I a' gotten some idea," Jim replied in a mysterious manner. "Keep a civil tongue in tha head, mon, and bid the others."

They had reached the little strip of beach, and were slowly making their way under the shelter of the cliff to the cottages. High up in front of them shone the two glimmering lights from the castle. The stranger looked at them curiously.

"What lights are those?" he asked, pointing upward.

Jim Doore's eyes followed his gesture, and he crossed himself again.

"From Clanavon Castle, yer 'onor," he answered.

"They seem a long way apart," remarked the other, looking up at them with interest. "Ah!"

Again the clouds had parted, and a brilliant flood of moonlight streamed down upon the wild little scene, glistening across the waste of tossing waters, and throwing strange shadow-upon the towering cliffs. But the most striking object of all was the castle; and the stranger stood with his eyes fixed upon it, scarcely caring to cast a single glance at the remainder of the panorama. High up above them the gloomy pile, with its frowning ramparts, its ruined towers, and its massive keep, stood out boldly, the magnificence of its situation heightened by the weirdness of the light, the hour and the storm. Midway down the flagstaff the remains of the flag, tattered and torn almost into strips by the gale, were still streaming in the wind, floating against a background of light oily-looking clouds which hovered over the castle, and against which every tear and almost the very pattern was distinguishable. It was a fine sight, although a gloomy one.

Jim Doore looked steadfastly at the two lights, and then, turning round, pointed them out silently to his companions. There was a little murmur of superstitious awe, and each man crossed himself.

The stranger looked on in surprise.

"Why do you do that?" he asked curiously.

"Reason enoo, yer 'onor," Jim answered slowly, and dropping his voice to an impressive pitch. "Dost a' see yonder loight, the fur un oot theer in the tower?"

"Yes! What of it?"

Jim shook his head.

"'Tis no flesh and blood that bolds theer, or that kindled that loight."

The stranger smiled the easy, sceptical smile of the sturdy materialist, to whom such statements seem only the weak superstitions of an ignorant, uneducated peasantry. He said nothing, but that smile was enough. The whole of the little body of men were up in arms. Their castle ghost was a familiar idea to all of them. There was not one of them who did not firmly believe in its existence. For a stranger to come among them and affect incredulity appeared to them very much in the light of a discourtesy, which each one was prompt to resent. The young man checked them, however, by holding up his hand.

"Look here!" he protested. "You shall tell me all about your ghost when we get inside. I'm wet through to the skin, and cold as well. Push on, my worthy guide, and let us get beneath this roof of yours."

"Roight, roight, sor," was the good-humored answer. "We bean't so fur, neither."

They turned a corner of the cliff, and the cluster of cottages nestling close up to its side lay right before them. From the window of Jim Doore's abode there shone a pleasant, warm light, reflected from the roaring fire which his wife had been making up in anticipation of a visitor. The stranger saw it and quickened his pace.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "if that isn't the pleasantest sight I've seen to-day. Is this your house?"

Jim pushed open the door with his foot and ushered in his guest with a rough gesture, which was meant for a welcome.

"Doan't 'ee stan' out noa longer in this cold, yer 'onor," he said. "Coom thee in, by t' foire, and missus shall find 'ee some dra cloathes. Get thee by t' fire. Missus! Missus! We a' found 'im—'twas a gentlemon as a' lost his way t' the castle. Coom thee and bring me' Sunday cloathes. Why, dang it, lass, what is ta staring at?"

During the first part of this speech Jim had been busy stirring up the fire and otherwise arranging for the comfort of his guest, whose clothes were steaming in the warm blaze. But toward its completion, somewhat surprised at the non appearance of his better half, he had turned toward the door and had received something of a shock. Standing on the threshold was his wife, with her eyes steadfastly fixed upon the stranger, and her hands raised to her temples. There was an expression in her face which, during his many years of wedded life, Jim Doore had seen nothing of before. Her cheeks were colorless, her dark eyes were full of horror, and her whole attitude was that of a woman paralyzed by the sudden appearance of an unlooked-for danger. The young man at the fireside, unconscious of her scrutiny, leaned forward toward the blaze, which shone full upon his handsome face, and appeared to be making himself decidedly comfortable. She made no answer to her husband's impatient question. She stood there quite still, her lips trembling a little and her eyes still fixed upon the face which was glowing in the ruddy firelight. Her husband repeated his impatient question, she moved slowly forward into the middle of the room, and her face resumed its usual expression, save for a slight shade of pallor.

"They're down here in the corner, Jim. I thought as they might be wanted. Would this gentleman like anything to eat?"

"Anything to eat!" repeated the young man, turning a good-humored, smiling face upon her. "My good woman, there is only one word which would explain my condition at the present moment. I'm starving! Forgive the question, but what have you got in the house?"

"Not much that's fit for you, sir, I'm afraid," she answered. "There's a bit o' bacon, and some fresh fish if you like it, sir, and I could get you some tea."

"I should think I do like fish!" he answered her. "Let me have some, by all means, and some tea; and I'll try the bacon, too. What a lucky thing for me you heard that shout, my good fellow! Now, where can I get into these things?"

"Here, sir, by the fire. Jim'll come with me into the back room. I've got a fire there, sir; and your supper won't be long."

She turned away and her husband followed her. Presently she returned with a clean white cloth on her arm and commenced making preparations for the meal. Her guest had attired himself in the clothes which she had provided, and, overcome by the pleasant warmth after his long exposure to the wet and cold, had sunk down in his chair and was dozing. Once or twice she glanced across to him, and then seeing that he was really asleep she moved softly over to his side and looked down into his face. In her husband's rough clothes his fair boyish face looked all the handsomer by reason of the contrast, and as she looked into it she felt a lump come into her throat, and her heart beat fast. Again there came that sensation of fear. Why had he come? What was the meaning of it? If only she dared ask him!

Her husband's heavy footsteps outside warned her of his approach, and she retreated to the table, still holding her hand to her side, as though in pain. Presently he entered bearing in his hand a smoking dish and a kettle from which the steam was issuing in a little cloud. The tea was soon made, and when all was in readiness they awakened their guest. He sprang to his feet at once and drew up his chair to the table with alacrity.

"I've actually been dozing, have I?" he exclaimed. "I should have thought that hunger would have kept me awake. Mrs. Doore," he continued, "your fish is excellent. I never tasted better."

"I am glad you like it, sir," she answered. "It's about the only thing we have fit to offer you."

"And the tea is delicious," he added, setting down his cup. "I feel a different man already."

Once or twice during the meal the door was softly opened and some one would put a head in and retreat with an awkward apology. At first the stranger seemed puzzled, but before long the truth began to dawn upon him.

"Mrs. Doore, is this an inn?" he asked.

"It be, sir. Surely."

"And those men want to come in, of course. Let them in at once, Mrs. Doore. I insist upon it."

"Won't they annoy you, sir?" she asked doubtfully. "They're but rough sort o' chaps like, and——"

"Not another word, Mrs. Doore, but let them come in. I should be sorry to monopolize the whole room."

She moved to the door and called to them. One by one they came in and seated themselves around the wide fireplace, each making some sort of clumsy salutation to the stranger as they entered.

"My good men," he said pleasantly, when they had all entered, "I am much obliged to all of you for coming to look for me. Fill up your glasses, and remember," he added, turning to Jim Doore, "whatever is drunk to-night is drunk at my expense."

There was a murmur of thanks and general brightening up in the little circle. In a few minutes the stranger had finished his meal, and, drawing his chair after him, joined the circle. From the pocket of his coat, which has stretched out before the fire, he drew out a morocco case and lit a cigar. Then, stretching himself out in his chair, he turned to the landlord.

"Now, Mr. Doore," he said, "I'm ready to hear all about that mysterious light up in the castle and all about the ghost. Fire away."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE WEEPING TREE.—In the forests of Oregon, Washington, Montana, and British Columbia there is a species of fir-tree that has a continuous and copious dripping of pure clear water from the ends of its leaves and branches. It is called the "weeping-tree."

CABS.—A new kind of cab, propelled mechanically, has been tried in Berlin. It resembles a large bath-chair with two seats, and is driven by a petroleum-naphtha motor. It has three wheels and carries two persons, one of whom controls the machine. The motor develops nearly two-horse power, and gives a speed of eleven miles an hour.

NO FEMALE VOICES.—In the choir of St. Peter's, Rome, there is not a female voice; and yet, says a recent traveler in Italy, the most difficult oratorios and sacred music written are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adelina Patti's high soprano is leading. The choir is composed of sixty boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal chords, and some of the best singers are not over nine years old. At the age of seventeen they are dropped from the choir.

GOG AND MAGOG'S RIVALS.—Quaint buildings are the temples in Siam, of which the largest and most curious is the great temple of Wat Phra in Bangkok, the capital. At each side of the gateway there stands a gigantic figure, nearly as ugly, and quite as useless, as the two harmless monsters in London's Guildhall. The Siamese giants are supposed to keep watch and ward over the temple's safety, and it is possible that the superstitious people are grateful for the guardian care of these images.

A HAIR OF THE DOG.—A story interesting to collectors of folk-lore is told of a Matabele bitten by a white man's watch-dog. The native claimed compensation for the injury. It was refused on the ground that the man was trespassing, and the dog had the right to attack him. The justice of the ground of refusal was admitted. "But at least," said the would-be thief, "give me a hair of the dog that bit me to put in my wound, and all will be well." It is curious to find the English superstition with regard to a hair of a dog that bites us paralleled in the belief of the Matabele people.

ECLIPSES.—Every year there must be two eclipses of the sun, and there may be five. These are partial eclipses, however, except in the comparatively rare case in which the moon passes nearly centrally over the sun's disc and produces a total obscuring of his light. Since the invention of the spectroscope in 1860 there have been barely a score of total eclipses, and many of these could not be observed because the belt of totality fell at the earth's polar regions or upon the oceans. The belt of totality is a narrow strip—never more than 170 miles wide—where the point of moon's shadow falls upon the earth. Total eclipses rarely recur, therefore, at the same point of the earth.

THE PIGEON AND THE BLACKSMITH.—A pigeon, prouder and handsomer than its fellows, once formed a sincere attachment for a blacksmith, whom it followed about like a dog. The bird was a jealous guardian of the smithy, and even pecked at the hoofs of the horses as they were being shod. One day it tried to turn out a hen that had ventured to perch upon the side of a pot of pitch, and in the struggle both fell in. Mrs. Hinkson, who told the story of his curious career, rescued him and cleaned him as well as she could. But one night, after he had got the better of his pitch bath, she missed him off the kitchen fender, where he was last seen dozing in front of the fire. There was reason to believe that he had fallen a prey either to the house cat or to a stray pussy that could not resist the temptation of a pigeon supper.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

Could we but meet as we have met,
When Love's dead flower was blooming yet—
Could we but part as once we parted,
'Ere both were weeping broken-hearted,
So once to meet, 'ere life be o'er!
So once to part! I ask no more.

But there are ties, which reft in twain,
No power on earth can bind again,
Wide is the gulf where love hath been,
And cold the stream that flows between;
Tears bathe in vain each barren shore,
We meet—we part—in life no more.

Love forged the chains round either heart,
Pride snapped the golden links apart;
Now each through separate paths must bear
A long regret—a vain despair,
Still, still repent, and still adore,
But meet and part in life no more.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII—(CONTINUED.)

As though it had been proclaimed in loudest clearest tones, Cynthia knew then all that had passed at Wyefeild; she knew that the happiness that had so tormented her was at an end—she knew that Jane's life and heart were as barren and desolate as her keenest hate had desired. She had expected to find the most intense satisfaction in this, and she found none. She had pictured to herself some grim pleasure at least in taunting her aunt with such a complete failure, and, behold, she was but plunged deeper and more surely into the bitter waters of humiliation and defeat! She knew that her aunt's words, harsh as they were, were justifiable. She had grown accustomed to the thought that he had indeed ceased to love her; now she must grow accustomed also to the certainty that, however successful her revenge had been, however unhappy and estranged their lives might be, the truth of his love for the girl he had made his wife could never be denied, never be forgotten.

She turned away suddenly from the window, without a word, without the courtesy of a parting salutation to her aunt, and went out of the room and out of the house.

Her carriage was waiting for her. She stepped into it with a sense of weariness and disgust; she was driven through the sunlit streets back to her great desolate house. The people who looked at her envied her, coveting all the proud panoply and expression of her wealth. She sat in her carriage like a woman of stone; she was blind to the sunshine and the admiring eyes that were turned upon her; she loathed herself and all that belonged to her. She would have parted with all that was hers to be once again the penniless girl whom poor George Nugent had wooed so earnestly and for whom he had worked so hard. Oh for one day, one hour of that dead past!

She was met by her mother when she entered the great cold house. There were traces of deep agitation on Mrs. Denistoun's face and tears in her gentle eyes.

"Oh, Cynthia," she exclaimed—and there was real grief in her voice—"have you heard? It has made me so unhappy! I am sure it must be such a sorrow to her—poor little Jane, poor little child-mother!"

Cynthia paused, feeling as cold as ice; then she took the newspaper from her mother's hand. They were standing alone in the large hall. Lady Ludlowe's eyes were fixed immediately upon the intelligence that had brought that expression of real grief to her mother's face. It was only a couple of lines, but what a story it contained!

"On the 16th inst., at Wyefeild, ——shire, the Countess of Hampshire of a son and heir. Born dead."

Cynthia Ludlowe's heart seemed to shrink within her as she read those few curt words. As if some terrible avenger had stood before her with menacing face and flaming sword, she shrank back aghast from this most sorrowful proof of her wanton cruelty. She put the paper back into her mother's hands and, without speaking a word, passed swiftly on to her own apartments.

The hate, the jealousy, the anger was dead within her at this moment. She had no thought but for that young mother whose grief and pain and desolation were the work of her hands. She seemed to see herself in all the poverty and meanness of her nature. She realized suddenly the extent of the wrong she had done this girl; she recalled those early days of her marriage; she remembered with shame and agony now how she had worked only to give Jane unhappiness always, how she had slowly but surely put herself between the father and his child; she recalled the evil use she had made of her power over that father. How little she had ever imagined in the pride of her early girlhood that a day would come when she would stand so ashamed, so degraded in her own estimation! How low she had fallen! How terrible was the depth of her remorse and humiliation.

She felt cold and ill and weary of life in this moment. No reproach, no condemnation that could be uttered by other lips could have been greater or sharper or more absolute than that which her conscience heaped upon her. And she felt frightened, too.

She had prayed with a hot fierce intensity that Jane might suffer pain and unhappiness; but she had never thought of this—she had never dreamed of the real tragedy that might follow upon her cruel act. She shuddered again and again as she stood there, her heart contracting a new fear. What if the story were not ended yet? What if the poor young mother should follow her dead child to the grave? Cynthia experienced a thrill of horrible pain. She would then be for ever accursed; the sin of murder would rest upon her head; the sin of having destroyed a young life would be added to the burden she already had to endure.

The miserable woman put her hands to her face with a cry of horror; and, as the door opened and her mother entered, Cynthia turned and, like one demented, clung to that mother. Holding the trembling feeble hands in hers, she gave way to the full terror that had come upon her. Her pride was gone. She had no strength; there were only this fear and this awful remorse that pierced her heart like a two-edged sword.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cried, her voice broken and almost inaudible—"oh, mother, help me—pray for me, mother; pray that Jane may not die! God will not refuse to listen to you—you are so good; your hands are clean; you have done no wrong! Pray for me, mother, for I cannot pray myself! Ask that she may live—only let her live! Oh, mother—mother!"

Her hands, which had gripped her mother's feeble ones so fiercely, suddenly grew weak, and, before poor, trembling, nervous Mrs. Denistoun had time to realise what had happened, her proud, beautiful, yet most miserable daughter lay at her feet, rendered suddenly unconscious by the mighty force of her late-born repentance.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. WINTER walked slowly across the sunlit lawn, and Lord John accompanied her, carrying a stone as big as his own head between his jaws. It was a tremendous feat! Peter had never been able to accomplish it, and he was accustomed to turn his big brown eyes enviously upon his companion at such an exhibition of strength.

Jane, sitting in a low chair under the shade of the trees, laughed softly as she beheld Lord John's approach.

"Take it from him, Summer dear!" she called faintly. "Look—he is positively gasping; he can go no farther! I am always afraid he will die of lockjaw or something of the sort. And he chooses a bigger stone every time."

"Lord John is human in everything but form," said Mrs. Winter lightly. She sank into a chair with a faint sigh, and then bent forward and obeyed Jane's wish. "What a lovely morning to be sure! Jane, I almost think that Wyefeild is just as nice in summer-time as even our dear Carno! There can be no greater praise than that—can there?"

"Wyefeild is very dear to me," Jane answered, in a weary tone. She was lying back in the chair, dressed in a gown of some soft white material; her thin hands were clasped upon the open book on her knees, her beautiful face wasted and worn to a shadow. Still there was to Mrs. Winter's anxious eyes a touch of real hope and a promise of future vitality in the pretty color of her lips and in the light of her dark eyes. The girl looked slowly about her. "Yes—very dear!" she said almost to herself. Then she added, with an effort—"How good you are, Summer, to take my doggies for their walk! They ought to be very grateful to you."

"You see they are," Mrs. Winter laughed. Lord John jumped upon her knee and was making violent protestations of his love for her. He wished to wheedle that big stone out of her possession again if possible.

Jane sat with a smile on her lips watching this scene; and then a wave of hot color rushed over her face, and she trembled. There was the sound of a man's voice just beyond, speaking evidently to one of the gardeners.

Mrs. Winter disposed of Lord John and looked round.

"Now your husband is coming," she said cheerily, "so I shall leave you again. I want to write several letters, and—— Oh, by-the-way, I forgot to tell you that I think I must be taking my departure from Wyefeild! My boy wants me back at the Rectory. Have I your permission to go to him, my pretty Jane?"

"Certainly not!" Jane replied, with a touch of her old brightness and humor. "How dare you suggest such a thing? Robert must do without you; you may tell him I said so!" Then she stretched out her thin weak hand. "You will not go yet, Summer dear? Stay a little longer—only a little!"

"My loved child"—Mrs. Winter bent forward and kissed her—"my whole life is for you, Jane, if you need it!" she said, with tender earnestness; and after this she turned to go, but again paused. "At what time did you tell me that you expected Lady Montrose to-day?"

"Some time before dinner."

"You will be glad to see her again?"

"Very," replied Jane, in her gentle way. "Lady Montrose always amuses me, Summer. How funny she is about her daughter's husband! She is so undisguisedly worldly, and yet so kind—so very kind!"

Mrs. Winter stroked the girl's dark hair.

"Who would not be kind to you?" she said involuntarily; and then she frowned a little at her own speech, for it recalled the memory of that one who had certainly never shown any kindness, consideration, or womanly sympathy to Jane.

As she was moving away, Jane's voice stopped her. The girl was sitting forward in the chair and a flush had come again into her cheeks.

"Summer," she said, "there is something I—I have always wanted to say to you—something I want to know." She paused again and her hand went out rather nervously to Peter's head, which was resting against her knee. "When I was ill—when I was very, very ill, did I ever talk to you? Did I ever say strange things? Did——"

She scarcely knew how to frame her words, yet she wanted to know how far her secret was known, or if indeed it had been shared at all. Sometimes she feared by Mrs. Winter's manner that she must have betrayed the anguish she had endured through the weeks that had gone, through that most miserable time that had followed after the day when she had gone to Carno and seen Cynthia; and then sometimes she felt that Mrs. Winter could not have been made aware of this heart-suffering, could not have learned the truth, for the love of sweet woman, this constant friend was too great to have borne the knowledge so lightly and so easily. Jane had a great wish that this might be so.

"Some day you must know," she had said over and over again to herself in those long sad hours of self-communion, of ever-increasing estrangement between her husband and herself that had preceded her illness; "some day it must be told to her; but not yet, not yet; I want to keep it to myself as long as I can."

It was a little strange perhaps, but the thought of Cynthia's giving publicity to this story never entered Jane's mind. She felt so surely that Cynthia's whole aim had been satisfied when she herself had heard the truth; the rest of the world would not matter to Lady Ludlowe. Then her illness had come, and then a long spell of forgetfulness; and now she was better again; but her heart was tormented by this fear, that perhaps in the fever that had taken possession of her some word might have escaped her and so have laid bare the secret of her sorrow and her desolation.

Mrs. Winter went back a few steps towards her.

"No, love," she said promptly and gently—"no, you never raved or talked at random. I cannot remember that you even spoke through those long terrible days. And, oh, Jane, my darling, when I remember them!"—and the tears rushed to Mrs. Winter's eyes.

Jane put out her hand.

"Don't remember them; they are gone, and I am here, Summer dear—remember that instead," she said, with all the wealth of her tender love in her voice.

Mrs. Winter smiled through her tears.

"Ah, that is a joy; but, great as it is, I cannot quite forget the pain yet, Jane! That will come in time perhaps, but not just yet. Now I must go, for indeed I have many letters to write; and then I want to arrange the flowers in Lady Montrose's room; and, oh, I have a multitude of small things to do! And, if you don't make haste and get quite strong, you will find your position here usurped altogether, and I shall reign at Wyefeild instead of you!"

"Traitress, beware! There is an armor-room, remember; and Meadows discovered a real battle-axe there the other day! It will have to come into requisition, I fear!"

Mrs. Winter walked away, laughing heartily, and Lord John followed her, still intent upon getting that stone once again.

Peter remained behind, faithful as usual to his most dearly-loved mistress.

They told Jane stories of this dog's fidelity and sorrow during her illness, and when death was hovering so near to her, that brought the tears to her eyes as she listened. She sat now stroking his rough head and caressing his cold nose as she watched Mrs. Winter disappear into the house. There was an intense feeling of relief upon her now she was sure that no hint of the truth had come to this friend of friends. And, oh, she longed so eagerly that it might never come! The tragedy of their lives had been played very quietly between them; none but themselves knew the change that had fallen upon them; outwardly there had been so little difference. If they were less together, if Jane spent more hours alone in her own rooms and her husband was out longer by himself, there was reason and an explanation to all curious minds in the ill-health that had fallen upon her. There was none to know, none to discover the last blow that had almost killed her. Even Hampshire himself had not guessed that it was the reading of that news of his rumored departure and the sudden realization of what this would mean to her that had caused what little strength she had to fade from her altogether.

No one but herself knew that this was what retarded her in her recovery, this horrible fear that each day, each hour might see him go from her out into that foreign world where she would have no place beside him, where he would be lost to her perhaps for ever. She had waited with bated breath for some sign of this approaching suffering, but none had been given to her; Mrs. Winter never alluded to it. Jane sometimes would wonder with a weary sigh whether her brain and her sight had not deceived her on that by-gone morning when she had read the cruel paragraph in the newspaper; and yet, even as she thought this, she felt it was not so, she knew she had not been wrong. The days that followed had been dark and unnumbered to her; but that one moment stood out clear and startling from beyond this darkness; it had been the culminating moment of her agony, it had been the very death of that hope that unconsciously had lingered so vividly with her. And now, if only she could know what lay before her, if only he would speak to her, to tell her the worst! She would rather know the worst than live on much longer in this suspense, this haunting dread. She wondered as she sat there, her hot blinding tears falling upon her trembling hands, whether it would cost him as much to go from her as it would cost her to lose him, or whether, now that they were so widely divided, he would not find in this actual separation some relief from the pain which she feared her constant presence must mean to him. Apparently he had not changed; she found herself surrounded as of old by the most tender, the most delicate attentions; her wishes seemed to have been revealed to him ere they were fully known to herself.

Almost the first thing she had heard or understood when the worst of her illness was past was the intelligence that Meadows, her old dear faithful Meadows, had been brought to Wyefeild and established in a post of command there. In a thousand little ways, quietly and unobtrusively, her husband ministered to her wishes; and yet he was so changed to her. They never sat alone together if he could prevent it. They had exchanged very few words in all the time that had flown since that memorable day. The girl's sorrowing heart was cold with pain as she realized all this. The sight of him grown so thin and grave, the gleam of the silver threads in his brown hair, the outward sign of his mental suffering, hurt her as no physical agony could have power to hurt. She had no clear remembrance of all that had

followed on her return home on that bygone night. For several days she had been very ill, racked with neuralgia, prostrate from exhaustion, and, when she had recovered a little and could leave her room and move about the house again, the barrier that had been built up between them was so strong that her feeble heart and weakened nerves could do nothing to help her beat that barrier down. She could not tell what was in his mind, for he made no effort to approach her. But she had felt all the time that, when she was stronger again, when he thought she was fit to bear excitement or any mental strain, he would do something to bring the miserable state of affairs to an end. He would perhaps go into the story of the past, and gently, quietly, proudly try to put himself right, if possible, in her eyes. She had shrunk even from the thought of that; she did not want him to give her any explanation; she did not want him to offer any satisfactory excuse for what was done. Long, long ago, as soon as the first anguish had been a little blunted, she had confessed the whole truth to herself—confessed it passionately, solemnly. She had told herself that she did not doubt him, that against all that Cynthia had brought forward so convincingly she believed in him, she held him incapable of wrongdoing towards her or any human creature. With this feeling in her heart, she shrank from the mere suggestion of letting him produce proofs or witnesses to his honor. Yet this was what she felt would surely happen when the time came, when the limit of his endurance had arrived.

She had never imagined the possibility of leaving her—such a thought had not even dawned in her mind—and, when she read that information about his appointment and his forthcoming departure, despair fell upon her, and she had no further wish to live. That had been some weeks ago now. The last days of June were close at hand, and, feeble and frail as she still was, she was getting stronger each day. If her health had been the cause of his delayed departure, this cause would not hold good much longer. Who could tell now how soon he might go?

The hand that rested on Peter's faithful head trembled so that the old dog moved uneasily and turned his beautiful eyes upward to let them rest upon his mistress' face. It was a very white sad face, and tearstains lay upon it.

Suddenly a deep flush of color came into her white cheeks, and the girl raised her hands hurriedly to brush away the tears that had gathered on her long lashes. Her heart began to beat wildly, as it always did when her husband approached her. He was coming towards her now—coming slowly and in a very careful manner.

He carried something in his hands—a little silver tray—which evidently contained a burden of an appetizing nature, for Lord John followed closely at his master's heels, sniffing appreciatively as he went. It was impossible for them both to avoid exchanging a smile as, bent on gratifying his curiosity, Lord John reared up on his hind legs and performed a dance of an exceedingly unsteady nature before them.

"This is sent to you from Meadows. I am empowered to issue the most terrible threats if you dare to refuse to drink it. It looks very nice," said Hampshire, trying hard not to see those tearstains on her face or to show by his voice that the sight of them hurt him so keenly.

He put the glass and the biscuits down upon a table near, and Jane stretched out a trembling hand towards it and averted her face as she did so.

"It will do you good."

Jane played with the spoon in the glass for a few moments, her head bent so that he could let his eyes rest for a while upon her soft curly hair.

"Is it very nasty?" he asked hurriedly. He scarcely knew what he did say when he spoke to her nowadays; the longing to take her in his arms and hold her against his heart was always so strong.

"It is—very," she answered, with a faint smile. "Yes—very, very nasty! Do you think I might throw it away? Would Meadows be very angry?"

"I will not answer for the consequences," he replied, smiling too. He sat down and began to tease Lord John with another biscuit. His hand rested for a moment with a tender touch on Peter's rough head. He had a love for Peter that he would have found very difficult to express. He looked up suddenly at Jane, noting her fragile loveliness with a pang that recalled those awful hours when death had all but claimed her, and said—

"I—I wish you would take a little of it. You must get strong. It will do you good."

She flushed at his tone, and instantly, without hesitation, swallowed a few mouthfuls of the mysterious decoction. He took the glass from her hand and set it upon the table for her.

"Thank you," he said unsteadily—"thank you! You are very good."

His pulses thrilled as he spoke, for her action had touched him. Jane sat back in her chair and tried to be calm—a consummation not to be acquired however, for an inspiration had come to her—a sudden determination to ask him for the truth. She would know the worst; she would end her suspense. She felt her limbs tremble and there was a throbbing in her throat that prevented her from putting her desire into words. Perhaps he understood the meaning of her silence, for he turned and looked at her steadily now, and then said very gently and tenderly—

"You have something you wish to say to me?"

"Yes," she answered; and then there was silence again for so long that he grew cold with dread of what she was going to say.

"Do not speak if it hurts you," he said. "Wait till you are stronger. You must not try yourself."

"I—I would rather speak now; I have waited so long. I want to know"—she tried to make her voice quite composed and even, but she failed; the eagerness, the agony that filled her heart rang out clearly in every word she uttered—"I want to know one thing: I saw it in the paper—a long time ago now, before I was ill. I read that—that you had—had accepted an appointment abroad, and that you were going out in June; it—it is nearly the end of June now, and"—she paused, and her hand went unconsciously to her throat—"I should like to know when you have decided on going—I mean how soon—which day?"

He was looking at her now in a hard fixed manner, yet there was a quiver of intense excitement about his lips.

"I am not going," he replied abruptly. "I did not know you had seen that report; it was a mistake; I have never yet been able to discover how it got into the papers—a bit of journalistic sharpness, I suppose. There was never a grain of truth in the report. I was offered the appointment, it is true, but I declined it immediately, unhesitatingly. Do you think it would be so easy for me to go away from you? I may never be able to regain what I have lost, I may have to stand for ever dishonored in your eyes, but where you are is my life! Reproach me, blame me, punish me as much as you will, but do not separate yourself from me, do not let——"

He broke off sharply with a sigh and, bending forward, put his elbows upon his knees and hid his face in his hands. Jane uttered a little cry; there was no pain in it; not even this sight of his present grief or of his weakness had power to spoil the sudden bewildering joy that filled her heart. She slipped to the ground beside him and placed her slender arms about him.

"Oh, my love, my love—my husband! Can you ever forgive me? How cruel I have been to you—how cruel!"

He pressed her to his heart suddenly, almost fiercely.

"Do you know what you are saying? Do you know what you are doing?" he cried. "Jane, for Heaven's sake, don't play with me, don't give me so much now only to take it away again! I—I am not strong enough to bear that!"—and then he broke down once more. "It is too much to hope," he said hoarsely—"too much to expect after all you have gone through, after all you have suffered!

She clung to him eagerly and put up her little lips to check his words.

"Listen," she said, looking into his eyes—"listen, dear love! There is no pain in the world for me—none, none, except the pain of losing you! There could never be any suffering so great as that which has lived in my heart these long miserable weeks! It has been the remembrance of my wrong to you that has kept that pain so sharp—the remembrance of my cruel doubt of your great love, my cruel forgetfulness of your goodness. But you will forgive me now, you will take me to your heart, you will try to put my wrong far, far away? Tell me you will do this, and oh, you will make me so happy!"

She kissed him as she finished tenderly, passionately, and then she hid her face on his breast.

He tried to speak, to give utterance to his feelings, but words were denied to him in this the greatest moment of his life. What words could have expressed the emotions, the exquisite joy, the gratitude, the reverence that he now felt?

They remained silent in the moment that followed. It was a delightful silence that fell upon them, a very heaven of reunion, a sunshine of mutual sympathy, mutual comprehension after a winter of icy sorrow and separation.

Jane drew herself from his hold at last, her lovely face flushed with color, her lips quivering with a smile.

"We—we are forgetting," she said hurriedly, shyly. "This is very public, and——"

She got up as she spoke and stood beside him, tall and slender and delicate as some beautiful flower. He held her hand in both of his, he gazed upwards at her with the grateful joy of one who feels again the warmth and glory of the sun after a term of dark imprisonment; but he could not match his mood to hers exactly, he could not accept her exquisite generosity, her perfect love so easily.

"Jane, you will let me tell you all, you will let me try to stand more worthily in your eyes? There are others who will——"

"No, no," she cried earnestly, "I will have no word from any other! Your words are enough for me; and, if your lips were silent for ever, I have no need of words. I know you love me, I know you have always loved me from the beginning; I know that before we met there was that other love, and there were sadness and much pain; but"—she smiled at him through her tears—"I do not fear that old love; I believe in you, I trust you; you are not capable of doing such a wrong! Had I not been so ill, so distracted by that dreadful day, I could never have doubted you for one moment. Had I been stronger, more my real self in the days that followed, I should have told you this many and many a time; but it is all past now! I want to know no more. I am content, and I am happy—oh, I am happy, for you love me and you will not leave me! The rest"—her voice broke a little through the intensity of her feelings—"the rest does not count after that!"

He bent over the hand he held. She felt the warmth of his lips; and the shadows had gone from her heart, the sorrow and pain from her thoughts.

* * * * * *

It was a merry party that was gathered at Wyefeild during the splendor of the July weather. It consisted only of four persons, but of those four Lady Montrose was equivalent to half a dozen other guests. Never had she been so amusing, never so full of anecdote and scandal, never so gay. Jane was never tired of laughing at the lively chatter and argument that went on all day long under the trees. The contrast between Mrs. Winter and Lady Montrose was so marked that it was impossible not to find amusement in the horrified simplicity of the one and the racy determined worldliness of the other.

"Summer is generally growing thinner and thinner," said Jane laughingly to her husband. "Oh, if you could only have seen the expression on her dear face when Lady Montrose declared most coolly that to get rid of her gouty and bad tempered husband and procure another and a younger one she should stop at nothing, not even poison! Summer looked as if she actually believed this!"

The truth was that Lady Montrose was determined to do her best to make things as merry, happy, and bright as she possibly could. She delighted in hearing Jane's laugh ring out so heartily after some most outrageous speech or more than usually audacious attack on poor Mrs. Winter's pet theories and convictions.

"Laugh and grow fat!" she cried out cheerily to the girl. "You are a decided fraud, Jane. You call yourself a human being and you are nothing but a skeleton! I must get my son-in-law to send you in a stock of his best jam! Nothing like sweet-stuff for making flesh. Look at me! If I had denied myself jam and toffee and all kinds of sugary abominations, I should be a perfect sylph now instead of being an elephant!"

"You may be an elephant, but you are a dear kind creature, and I love you!" Jane declared when this speech was finished. They were out in the gardens after dinner, and Jane bestowed a kiss upon Lady Montrose's cheek as she spoke.

"I am going for a short walk in the shrubbery with Peter," she said a moment later, just resting her hand upon her husband's head as she passed. He seized her hand, kissed it passionately and rose to follow her; but Lady Montrose stopped him.

"One moment, George," she said, as Jane flitted away into the gloaming. "You have had a letter from Cynthia? Don't look surprised; I knew she would write. We had a few moments' conversation just before she and Helen went abroad. She was most unhappy, George. I never thought that my niece could have shown such weakness. The news of Jane's terrible illness was a great shock to her; it has completely changed her. Are you going to answer that letter?"

He did not speak for a moment.

"She did a cruel thing—an awful thing. She almost robbed me of all that makes my life. It is hard to forgive and forget such a wrong; and yet——"

"And yet you do forgive her?" Lady Montrose said gently. "I think you would not hesitate, George, if you could know and see how true, how sincere are her regret and remorse. Even Jane——"

"Ah," he cried earnestly, as he rose to his feet again—"when you speak of Jane, you speak of an angel! Forgiveness and pity and tenderest sympathy are as natural to my darling as it is natural for her to breathe. Some day—not yet," he said, in a low tone—"some day, when she is grown quite strong, I will give her this letter to read. She shall answer it. Lady Ludlowe need never fear to receive that answer. Till then there must be silence; only, if you meet her, if there is any word of this between you, tell her I forgive her; though I hope we shall never meet again. Forgiveness is not forgetfulness, and memory of Cynthia Ludlowe means memory of those awful hours, of that anguish and despair which filled my heart as I stood watching my wife slip slowly from me into the very depths of death and the grave. With that remembrance always before me I cannot forget the cruelty that brought such suffering to my darling; but I do forgive; and I pity her, too—for the punishment our own conscience deals out to us for our sins is harder a thousand times than any that can come from human hands."

He turned away as he spoke and went towards the shrubbery. For one moment the old pain, the old trouble had been aroused; but, as he walked through the gloaming, as the sound of Jane's laughing voice came to him like music on the soft twilight breeze, the pain went again, the happiness was restored, and, as she caught sight of him and ran through the darkness of the trees towards him, he felt that no words could give adequate expression to the happiness that came to him through his girl-wife, his love, his "pretty Jane."

[THE END.]

TRANSFORMED.—Some two or three weeks ago, a newspaper reporter wrote an article. To use his own words on the subject, it was a "really good, honest, and elaborate article" on "Women and Politics." He returned to his home in a pleasant frame of mind, telling his family how grandly he had put it together.

"Nothing could be finer," said he, "than the way I have used the very appropriate and well-known couplet—

'Oh, woman! in ours hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.'

You have only now to wait until the morning to see the beauty of it."

The morning came, and so did the young man's article, but not just as he would like to have seen it. For the printer had accepted the word "coy" as a contraction for "company;" and the result was, that "woman in our hours of ease," was pronounced to be "uncertain company, and hard to please!"

THE PANSY.—A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color, and three of gay colors. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife. The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair, the two small, gay petals are the daughters; with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.

APART.

BY J. D. W.

Ah, me! the graves that will not fold
Their gen'rous mantles o'er the dead,
But with remorseless fingers hold
The frames whence being long hath fled.

Yet still, with steps that faltering go,
Our ways among them we must take,
Haply, if tears that scalding flow,
May bathe the weary hearts that break.

How hard to watch the changeful eyes,
Through years of solitary pain,
With love, that lifts her ceaseless cries;
To wait and pray—and watch in vain!

To touch the hands, nor feel a thrill
Of answer through the pulses steal;
To know dumb Silence watchless still
The bosom that will not unseal.

Oh, God! in other plains than these
Shall sovereign hands the shadows bend,
And souls that holy morning frees,
Find recognition in the end?

A SIN ATONED.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Gerard Fane appeared at breakfast the following morning, his landlady informed him that the ladies at the cottage had taken their departure.

"Gone!" he echoed blankly.

"Ay, sir; they're just gone," she said. "Eh, but a gey braw young thing she was; it's braw to be bonnie and weel likit!"

"Oh, very!" Gerard answered indifferently.

The news was true enough. He went up to the cottage after he had pretended to eat a breakfast, and found the nest empty. He walked through the familiar rooms, and gave one of the maids still remaining half-a-sorown to let him go upstairs. He easily found the room in which Gladys had slept. There were two or three flowers in a glass on the mantel-shelf, a glove on the small chest of drawers, and on the floor, just where it had dropped from the dressing-table, a tiny silver cross, which he had seen her wear dozens of times. He picked it up now, and slipped it into his pocket. She would never know, and it would be a comfort to him during his whole life.

Later in the day he also set off from Sandune, and went to London, where, during the following week, he wandered about, with the hope of meeting Gladys. At the end of that time however he came to the conclusion that such an occupation was very much like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay; so he gave up his useless search, and accepted an invitation from Scotland, still with a vague hope that he might at least hear something of the girl whose love and whose fortune he had lost by his own stupidity. But, he could hear nothing of Gladys Branscombe.

"Gladys Bran-combe!" those he asked about her repeated. "Never heard of her. Rich, do you say? Ah, well, I never came across her!"

And so the autumn days wore on, and shortened into winter ones; and the time drew near for his visit to Hawthorndean. November had already arrived when he received a formal invitation to pay his promised visit. His first impulse was to fling the invitation into the fire and refuse it; but with him, as with many others, second thoughts proved very different from the first impulse; and he wrote in the same stiff polite terms in which the invitation was couched accepting it.

Without doubt it was very cold and very stiff—the writing was upright and angular—aggressively so, Gerard thought in his disgust. No doubt Miss Hawthorndean would prove the same; but, since he had seven thousand a year at stake, he could not afford to quarrel for so trivial a cause as the tone of a lady's letter or the style of her handwriting. And all that time he never heard a word of Gladys Branscombe.

At last the day arrived when there was no longer any hope of finding Gladys Branscombe, or consolation in growling at his general ill-luck. It was, of course, useless to be in a bad temper; but Gerard did not take that fact into consideration.

To begin with, he got out of bed upon what is popularly known as the wrong side; but, being in somebody else's house, he was obliged to keep that disturbing fact to himself. His friend's valet, however, found it out if no one else did, and expressed his opinion in the servants' hall that Mr. Fane was about as "cantankerous a piece" as he had ever come across. At that precise period his description was strictly true.

Perhaps if he had known the chain of untoward and objectionable circumstances which had brought about Gerard's irritable frame of mind, he would have changed his hastily formed opinion and pitied him; but, as he remained unenlightened, Gerard departed for Hawthorndean, leaving a bad impression behind him—on his friend's valet, at all events.

As Gerard drew near his destination, matters did not mend; if anything, his temper grew worse; but then, to be sure, everything went wrong. It was piercingly cold, and, after India, he felt it keenly. The carriage was draughty and the windows rattled abominably. Moreover, to add to his troubles, when he reached the station he found that, instead of a close carriage having been sent to meet him, there was a dog-cart, with a restless high-stepping mare, whose great delight seemed to be to use only one pair of legs at once.

"I shall have to drive that brute," he grumbled; so he mounted to the front seat.

Perhaps, after all, it was not a bad thing for him that he had to drive such an animal. He very soon found that he must handle the reins carefully, if he did not desire a closer acquaintance with the hedges and the stone-heaps than he had at present. And so he found himself gradually cooling down, and thinking that, after all, a high-stepping mares with a tendency to use but one pair of legs at a time are very pleasant things to possess. She certainly was a lovely animal; and, if her mistress at all matched her, he thought he should not fare so very badly.

"Who drives this mare?" he asked suddenly, turning to the groom behind.

"Miss Hawthorndean, sir. She drives in the dog-cart."

"Then Miss Hawthorndean is a good whip?"

"Fust-rate, sir," the groom replied.

Gerard noticed that he was English, and felt mollified immediately. Evidently Miss Hawthorndean was not unfairly prejudiced in favor of her own countrymen.

"Does Miss Hawthorndean ride much?" he asked presently.

"A'most every day, sir," the groom replied.

"Ah! Who attends her?"

"Me, sir. I'm Miss Hawthorndean's own groom."

Then she had sent her own groom to meet him. Well, that did not look so very ungracious. After a moment the groom spoke again.

"Miss, she do look fust-rate on 'orseback," he informed Gerard. "She looks like part o' the 'orse."

"I see," said Gerard. "Not many ladies you can say that of—eh?"

"No, sir." And then they lapsed into silence again.

Gerard rather wondered, as they approached the house, whether she would come out and meet him. He thought it not unlikely; in fact, on second thoughts, he thought it more than probable. But she did not. A solemn-faced footman, who informed him in a hushed voice that dinner was ordered for seven o'clock, and asked if Mr. Fane would have a cup of coffee whilst he was dressing. Miss Hawthorndean, he further added, had already gone to dress.

Gerard accepted the offer of coffee, because he was very cold, and followed the man up the broad stairs—up and down which he had scrambled and tumbled hundreds of times—feeling very much as if he had come to be present at some great funeral or at somebody's execution.

Nevertheless he noticed, with no small degree of pleasure, that Miss Hawthorndean evidently understood the training of servants. It was but natural, notwithstanding his abuse of and grumbling at his hostess, that he should take more pains than usual with his evening toilet; and, seeing that his arrival had been late, it was not surprising that he was almost the last to enter the drawing-room.

He was rather surprised to find the room so full. Everybody was talking loud, and no one heard the announcement of his entrance or took any notice of it. All the faces seemed strange to him. Only one face stood out, with almost startling familiarity, from a crowd of strange ones—that was the face of the girl he loved, Gladys Branscombe.

She was standing near the centre of the room, and a little apart from the others. As he reached her side, she turned to him with a little frosty smile, and held out one slim cold hand. Good Heaven, how cold it was! It chilled him to the heart.

"You too staying here?" he said in surprise.

"Yes," she answered simply.

Then he became aware that Mrs. McDonald had crossed the room, and was holding out her hand to him.

"How are you, Mr. Fane?" she asked.

While he answered he looked about furtively for Miss Hawthorndean, but he saw no one who could, he thought, be that lady. Presently the door opened and dinner was announced. He saw the solemn butler approach Gladys and say something in an undertone. Evidently Miss Hawthorndean had been prevented from coming down to dinner, and the butler was announcing the fact to Miss Branscombe. Yes, that must have been it, Gerard thought; for Gladys crossed to him, and said—

"Oh, Mr. Fane, you are to take Lady Lesley in to dinner! If you will come with me, I will introduce you."

A moment later he found himself bowing to a portly old lady in green, relieved with red and blue, and looking very much, he thought, like a meadow, with a fair sprinkling of red and blue flowers therein. Lady Lesley rose from the sofa, and he led her from the room. In so doing he missed seeing what happened in the drawing-room; but, to his intense surprise, Sir Peter Lesley, whom Gerard remembered distinctly in his childhood, entered with Gladys Branscombe, and led her to the head of the table.

"How lovely Gladys looks in that dress!" Lady Lesley said, beaming benignly down the long table.

"Very," he returned emphatically, and then leaned back in his chair that he might watch her at his ease.

She was indeed lovely. She was bending slightly forward, with a pretty air of deference, listening to old Sir Peter. Her eyes were downcast, and across her face, swift blushes were passing. Her dress was of white silk, with, Gerard thought, a good deal of lace about it; and in her wavy golden hair and at her white throat sparkled diamond stars. He saw too that her little white hands were covered with costly rings—he almost liked them best without. Such pretty little hands they were; the very sight of them thrilled him through and through. He wondered if she would ever let him kiss them again, as he had already kissed them hundreds of times.

And then it occurred to him how very strange it was that Gladys had never admitted that she knew Miss Hawthordean. Indeed she had distinctly said that she had never met her. She must have become acquainted with her since.

"I say, Lady Lesley," he said, turning suddenly to the Baronet's portly wife, and thereby startling her not a little, "who is Mrs. McDonald?"

He did not like to ask who Gladys Branscombe was, but thought, by inquiring who the aunt was, he might thus arrive at the wished-for information.

"Mrs. McDonald!" she repeated, in intense surprise. "Why, she is Gladys Hawthorndean's aunt, of course!"

Gerard Fane was absolutely thunderstruck! Was that Gladys Hawthorndean? Had he utterly spoiled all?

"Is Miss Hawthorndean called Branscombe?" he asked, after a while, when his blank astonishment had somewhat cleared away.

"Oh, dear me! What a thing it is to go to outlandish countries to spend the best years of your life!" the old lady cried. "I always set my face against it. Young men grow up nowadays in utter ignorance of everything they ought to know. Is it possible, Mr. Fane, that you do not know that Bruce Hawthorndean married a Miss Branscombe?"

"Indeed I did not know it!" he replied, trying to smile, and succeeding very badly.

"Dear, dear! It is shocking!" she said, with a laugh. "Yes; Bruce Hawthorndean married a young English lady, called Gladys Branscombe; and a very beautiful girl she was—just like her daughter! She didn't live very long though. She went off quite suddenly, when Gladys was only some three or four years old."

"Then Mrs. McDonald was also a Miss Branscombe?" he said.

"Yes; but a half-sister, and much older—fifteen years, I should say. Gladys' mother inherited a considerable fortune from her mother; and of course, since this Gladys was an only child, it all came to her—some three thousand a year, I believe it was."

"Then my uncle Hawthorndean did not bring her up?" Gerard cried.

"He was her guardian; but that was all."

Poor Gerard! Every word that fell from his informant's lips seemed to bid him hope still less and less. He had thought that since Gladys' fortune depended—as it did—upon their marriage, she would be almost compelled to consent to marry him; but, now that he found she had a perfectly independent fortune of three thousand a year, he did not feel so sure. In fact, he did not feel sure at all. How he sat through that dinner he hardly knew. He ate mechanically what was given to him. He answered Lady Lesley's remarks and questions in a fairly accurate manner; but all the time he was watching Gladys.

Even now he could hardly believe it. There she sat—little Gladys, to whom he had behaved so brutally; gay Gladys, with her merry laughter and her naive yet teasing air; who had implored him, with keenest pain in the depths of her soft eyes, not to desert her; who had promised him he should never repent being loyal and true, and whom he had cast off and put aside! Oh, why could he not have taken her word? Why could he not have trusted the high-bred face and clear steady eyes better? Poor Gerard! He passed his hand across his eyes and tried hard to persuade himself it was but a dream, and that he would awake presently to hear the roaring of the billows in Sandune harbor. But, alas, the lights and laughter faded not into darkness or early dawn; and a sudden movement from Gladys at the other end of the table reminded him that it was no dream, but a stern reality, and that for the present his duty was to open the door!

He tried, as Gladys passed, to meet her eyes; but she was busy fastening one of her bracelets, and did not look up. Gerard turned back to the table feeling thoroughly miserable, angry with himself, and more hopelessly in love with Gladys than ever. Happily the gentleman did not detain him very long; yet, when they reached the drawing-room, he could by no chance contrive to get near Miss Hawthorndean. By Mrs. McDonald however he did find refuge, and he sat down beside her with a very long sigh.

"Ah, Mrs. McDonald," he said reproachfully, "it was unkind of you!"

"Now, my dear boy, you must not blame me!" she returned. "If you had only had sense not to offend Gladys, it would have been all right."

"Yes, indeed"—with another sigh.

"And remember that we went to Sandune without ever dreaming that we should meet you there."

"What made you go incog?" he asked suddenly.

"It was just this. Every one did not know of Mr. Hawthorndean's will; and many thought this place belonged exclusively to Gladys, in addition to her mother's fortune; and really the poor child was nearly torn in pieces. So she determined to go away for the summer where no one would know anything about her, and where she would have some peace. Well, after she became acquainted with you in that romantic manner, I tried to persuade her to tell you who we were; but she would not. Oh, she was very firm about it! I told her no good end would come of it; but she said, 'I shall get to know him better, auntie. And perhaps I may find that he really cares for me for myself.'"

"Good Heaven!" Gerard ejaculated. "As if any man could possibly help himself!"

"Oh, Gladys is not a conceited girl at all! And she has always had a dread of being married for her fortune. It was unfortunate that you offended her."

"It was," he replied readily enough; for that was what he had been telling himself almost hourly since that last morning at Sandune.

"Well, it is of use bewailing it; you must go and do the best you can for yourself," she said kindly. "You have three months' grace, you know. Fetch me a cup of tea, there's a good boy."

Thus bidden, Gerard made his way to the little table where Gladys was making the tea.

"Will you take auntie's cup?" she said presently—so pleasantly that he summoned up his courage again.

"Yes," he answered, wishing the two men who thought themselves necessary to Miss Hawthorndean's comfort would take themselves off.

"Will you have a cup yourself?" she asked, as she handed the one for Mrs. McDonald to him.

"Yes, thanks. I'll come back for it," he answered.

So he did. Mrs. McDonald accepted the cup with an indulgent smile, and bade him "God-speed" in an undertone; but,

though the two men had disappeared, he might just as well stayed by Mrs. McDonald, who, kind, indulgent soul as she was, would have petted and made much of him. However he saw, as he thought, a chance of a little private conversation with Gladys; so he hurried back, having his cup for excuse.

"May I sit here?" he asked, indicating a chair close to her elbow.

"Oh, yes, of course," she answered promptly—"anywhere you please! I am going to the piano now."

She rose as she spoke, and, without looking at him, moved away slowly in the direction of the piano, leaving Gerard—as he put it in his indignation—looking like an utter fool beside the tea-table. He was too angry to take refuge with Mrs. McDonald, for he did not wish to offend her as well as Gladys; and really, in his present frame of mind, he felt there was no knowing what disagreeable things he might not permit himself to say; and he was in no mood to listen to any one else's chatter, or make an effort himself to produce small talk for another's delectation. So he sat in his glory alone, looking very handsome, and feeling very wroth and miserable. Gladys began singing—a quaint little song it was, with a rippling accompaniment, like the babbling of a brooklet over pebbly ground.

"'Do you ask me, little people,
Where I find my songs and ditties?
Oh, it's far from tow'r and steeple,
Far from fields and far from cities;
Ay, so very far that never
Though your feet were like the wind,
Could you reach the place for ever
Out of sight and out of mind!
Wait, my children; time will show it;
Through the gloom of years 'twill grow
Clear to all your eyes—you'll know it
As the Land of Long Ago.

"'You may laugh, my little people,
But be sure my story's true,
For I vow by yon church-steeple
I was once a child like you,
Just as frisky in the wild wood,
Just as nimble in the race;
But I lost my happy childhood—
Do you ask in what strange place,
In what darksome lanes and alleys
It slipped from me? You shall know.
It was in the dewy valleys
Of the Land of Long Ago.'"

Gerard's first impulse was to wish that she would not sing so loud and so clearly. He feared that the words would convey the same meaning to all her listeners that they conveyed to him. "I lost my happy childhood." Ah, how the words thrilled through his heart! Had she really lost it, and through him? He wished he could give her a draught of the waters of Lethe, that the remembrance of that dreadful morning at Sandune might be blotted out for ever from her memory. He did not desire to forget it himself. No; he would keep it always in his mind, that he had once been utterly, mercilessly cruel to her; he would keep it there as the Egyptians kept a skeleton at their feasts, a continual horror—to warn him against future transgressions.

But it was all very well to build up fair castles in the future—a future with Gladys too—but where was he to find those waters of Lethe which would make her forget? It was all very well in theory, as he was fain to admit with something like despair, while Gladys' silvery clear voice rang out—

"I would not know those hours again,
To feel the waking sting of pain,
I would not, if I could, restore
The joys that end in never-more."

Yes, it was all very well in theory; but where was forgetfulness to be found? Gerard's heart failed him as he asked the question; for he knew that forgetfulness could but come of forgiveness, and either seemed equally impossible from Gladys.

An hour later, while he was lounging near the door, Gladys passed him on her way to bed.

"Won't you say good night to me, Gladys?" he asked humbly, yet with a certain air of ill-usage and reproach.

"Oh, good night!" she said carelessly, putting her left hand for one moment into his outstretched palm; and somehow Gerard wished, as he stood staring blankly after her, that she had gone scornfully by, with her head in the air, and had refused to even touch his hand. To have known that she was angry would be better than that slighting indifference!

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Gerard went in the breakfast-room the next morning he received the warmest greeting he had had since his arrival at Hawthorndean. It was from Dido. As soon as his step was heard in the hall, Dido lifted her ears, and the moment he entered the room she rushed upon him with the most extravagant demonstrations of canine joy.

"How pleased Dido is to see you again!" Gladys said, as she shook hands—her right hand this time.

"I wish you were," he replied forlornly.

"Do you?" she returned indifferently, hardly using the words as a question needing a reply, but rather with utter carelessness, expressing "Indeed, is it so?"

Gerard sighed impatiently.

"Where am I to sit?" he asked.

"That is your seat," she answered, pointing to the large chair at the foot of the table.

But he was not minded to take it just then. The coast for the time was clear, and it had ever been his plan to make his hay while the sun shone. Therefore he sat down upon the chair nearest to Gladys and watched her putting cream and sugar into his cup with absorbing interest.

"I say, Gladys," he said at last, imprisoning one of her hands within his own, "won't you forgive me, darling?"

Miss Hawthorndean shook off his hand as if it had been a scorpion; but she did not speak.

"I think, if you had the faintest conception of all I have suffered since I saw you last," he urged gently, "you would forgive me, Gladys. You don't know how I love you!"

"I do not believe in love," said the girl coldly.

Gerard looked at her with incredulous eyes.

"I cannot think so," he answered.

"No?"—drawing herself up a little, and looking very severe and proud. "Very possibly you, being capable of such great and disinterested love yourself, can hardly realize my stony-heartedness. I will tell you why I do not believe in it, Mr. Fane. I once loved a man—dearly!" Even to him she could scarcely speak of it without faltering. "I loved him perhaps more than any woman had ever loved him before or will do again; and this man—though he taught me to love him, and taught me enough of the tender passion to know its real value—taught me so much that I do not now believe in it at all."

Gerard sat watching her with a fascinated gaze; but she was looking straight before her, and her soft eyes never once turned in the direction of his. He saw though that she was terribly agitated; her small white hands were trembling, and in her voice there was the sound of tears. When she spoke again it was in the tone of one keeping calm only by an intense effort.

"This man whom I—loved," she continued, "gave me another lesson besides that in which I learned to care for him. Perhaps I was long in learning it; but, you see"—with a faint smile—"I learned it all the more thoroughly."

"Can you never forgive?" he asked persuasively.

"Perhaps, when I have forgotten," she answered.

"Then will you not try to forget?"

"Forget?" she repeated, turning her eyes upon him for the first time. "Yes, I may forget when I die; and I may forgive you when I have forgotten."

"Heaven help me then!" said Gerard brokenly.

Then the door opened, and one or two other guests entered.

Gerard went back to his seat, and wished himself anywhere but at Hawthorndean; and yet he absolutely shivered at the idea of leaving Gladys—to George Lorrimor, for instance.

"Going to shoot this morning, Fane?" that young gentleman asked presently.

"I think not," Gerard returned rather curtly.

"Ah, I suppose tropical sport has made you blase," he laughed. "How many tigers had you?"

"A few," Gerard answered.

"What did you do with the claws?" Gladys asked.

"I'll give them to you if you'll have them," he said promptly. "I had them mounted in Delhi."

"Oh, you are very kind!" she said frostily; but she did not refuse them—a point Gerard was very quick to notice.

He kept his word about the shooting and remained at home, not by any means because he was blase, but because he wanted to see Gladys alone; and he fancied his best opportunity would be in the morning. Therefore, as they left the breakfast-room, he bent over her and asked if she would grant him ten minutes during the morning.

"Surely," she replied courteously, "you can find your way into uncle's study? I make that my especial sanctum."

"What time?" he asked.

"Any time after eleven. I'm afraid I shall be occupied until then."

And then she passed on, leaving Gerard with the impression that civility, though a very good thing in its way, may be carried too far.

As soon as eleven o'clock had sounded from the various clocks about the place, he betook himself in fear and trembling—though he put a fairly good face upon the whole business—to the study. Gladys was already there, sitting almost in front of the fire in the huge arm-chair he had seen his uncle occupy hundreds of times. She just looked up, as he entered, as she might have looked on the entrance of any acquaintance. It was perhaps that demeanor which baffled him more completely than anything else could have done. If she would only have been angry, he would have had something to hope for; but with this perfectly civil, yet utterly chilling "stand-off" manner, he did not know how to cope. In fact he was utterly puzzled.

"Won't you sit down?" Gladys said calmly.

"Thanks, no; I prefer standing. I wanted to see you before I leave."

"Oh!" said Gladys sweetly.

He believed she was glad he was going. Good Heaven, could she have grown to hate him so much as that?

"I came, as you know, to arrange whether this marriage should take place or not; but, since you will have nothing to say to me, there is no alternative left me but to go. I only regret one thing."

"What is that?" she asked.

"One thing besides the loss of yourself, I should say," he replied, "and that is; that you will be compelled to lose this place, of which you seem so proud fond."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "unless we came to terms, and so made an arrangement which would save the property."

"Our marriage is the only arrangement possible for us to make," he answered.

"Yes, of course; that was what I meant," she said coolly.

"Gladys!" he exclaimed.

"Pray do not excite yourself," she said coldly. "I think there can be no doubt that our uncle made a very awkward and a very foolish will."

"Exactly," Gerard agreed. He would have agreed to any remark she chose to make at any time; and just now he was so bewildered that he could not think at all. So, for lack of anything better to say, he said, "Exactly."

"Yes, it was very foolish," she continued, taking no heed of his interjectional remark; "and, in a certain degree, I am to blame for it."

"How was that?"

"Never mind," she answered quickly. "I need only tell you that I do, to a certain extent, consider myself to blame for it; and therefore I am willing to do what I can to make amends to you."

"I beg you will not annoy yourself for me," he said eagerly.

"Oh, well!"—with a quick sigh—"I too think it a pity for the property to be lost, though doubtless the hospitals would make better use of it than we should."

We! It was wonderful how that simple little word roused the almost expiring hope in Gerard's heart.

"Then what do you propose?" he asked gravely.

"I think it is not for me to propose," she replied, smiling slightly. "However, if you like, I will marry you."

"Gladys!" he cried again.

"On one condition," she continued quickly.

"Yes?"

"That is that no word of love is ever spoken between us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIG END FOREMOST.—Why is a fish larger at the front end than at the rear end of its body? There is probably more than one cause for this peculiarity of structure, but a possible special reason has been suggested by photographic study of the motion of liquids disturbed by obstacles of various shapes. It has been found in this way that, when water flows past an obstacle shaped like a fish, no eddies are formed when the blunt end of the object meets the current, while the water is greatly disturbed when the acute end is presented toward the stream. So it would seem the fish has one good reason for being born with its head on the blunt end of its body.

SURE, PROMPT, THOROUGH—may be safely and truly said to be the characteristics of Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. Its merit has made it known everywhere for years, as a standard curative for Cramps, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, and all Diseases of the Bowels; it is besides easily administered to children, being pleasant to the taste, and is entirely safe.

Scientific and Useful.

ABOUT MEAT.—It is a mistake to wash meat before roasting it. If it has been roughly handled or if there is a suspicion that it is not all that it should be, it may be wiped all over with a damp cloth; or, if it must be washed, it should be plunged in and out of hot water quickly, and dried immediately. If it is discolored or there is a slight sign of taint, the discolored parts should be cut away and the joint washed quickly in vinegar-and-water.

CURIOUS USE OF ELECTRICITY.—In the Paris sewers, as is well known, the rats swarm by thousands. Wires 100 metres long, insulated by glass feet from the ground, and connected with a strong galvanic battery, are spread through these subterranean walks. Little pieces of roast meat are attached to these wires at short distances, and the rats, by nibbling at the bait, bring down the galvanic shock with terrific power upon their bodies. Death is instantaneous and the morsel, moreover, remains almost intact, ready to destroy other victims.

NOVEL MANIFOLDING.—An Italian inventor proposes a novel method for duplicating copies of writing. The mechanism for this purpose is provided with two pens, supported by a framework in such a manner that their points are always in the some horizontal plane; the pen at the right is intended for the operator or writer, and the least stroke made by this pen is at the same time duplicated by the one at the left. The framework is so joined and hinged that the pens can be moved in any direction, and a counterbalance takes the weight of the frame from the hand, so that the act of writing is made almost as easy as with the usual pen and holder. Two ink-wells are provided at the base of the stand, and the dipping of one pen in a well causes the other to dip into the opposite well; and when the two sheets of paper to be written on are placed parallel to each other and secured the remainder of the work is as simple as ordinary writing. The instrument is designed in especial for furnishing duplicates of contracts and of those legal and other documents which it is often desirable to have duplicated, not only in words, but also in the paper and handwriting.

Farm and Garden.

COAL ASHES.—Coal ashes worked into a stiff, clay soil makes it more pliable and easily cultivated. Wood ashes help the soil to retain moisture.

THE LADYBIRD.—The ladybird is a valuable insect destroyer. It is the special enemy of the little green aphis that destroys tender plants, and the ladybird is always seen upon rose bushes in summer time, because the aphis especially attacks the rose.

PRICES.—A first class animal is sure to bring a good price, but he who has all first class stock usually obtains "the top of the market." When they all seem to be of one mold, and that a good one, there are dealers ready to take them as a lot, and at your price.

BUTTER.—The butter-maker who puts her product on the market in such a condition as not to appear as good as it is, does herself an injustice. Make the butter first class, and put it on the market in such a manner as to make it show for all it is worth.

CORN.—More corn an acre can be raised for the silo. It tends to increase the fertility of the farm by the increase in the amount of stock kept. It educates the dairyman himself in the value of fodder and the worth of feed, and in the study of ways to make the most of it.

POULTRY.—Beef blood is said to be an excellent food for poultry, as it is rich in nitrogen, approaching the white of the egg in composition. One who has tried it says it must not be fed oftener than once or twice a week. A good way to prepare it is to thicken the blood with a mixture of meal and bran, put it into a bag and boil it.

GRASS.—With many it is becoming a fixed opinion that a grass farm is not always the best for the dairyman. A succession of best crops for dairy food can be had from an arable farm, which will produce better results by 50 per cent., and the prominent part made to play by the feeding of root crops and soiling are well worth considering.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Wisdom and Learning.

We overheard two very grave old gentlemen the other day, each "of some seventy summers," as novelists phrase it, disputing as to wisdom, knowledge, and learning; and although successful in their professions, wise enough to have made fortunes, ambitious enough to have sent their sons to the universities, yet these two cantankerous old boys would hold that the three words had the same meaning.

Now, to every thinking man the distinction is, or should be, apparent enough. A man may be a learned man, and not a wise man; he may be wise, and not learned; he may know a great deal, and yet be neither learned nor wise. "No man," says the learned Selden, "is the wiser for his learning; it may administer matter to work in or objects to work on, but wit and wisdom are born with a man."

There is a kind of learned man who is too often an unpleasant fellow, such as he who, having mastered the titles and the outsides of books, and perhaps some of the contents of them, but not the spirit of the author, seems to be tricked out in all the livery of learning, and to know every thing, and yet knows but little.

As learning is an acquirement, properly indeed a temporary thing, an invention of Man's, it is never to be compared to wisdom, which is a gift of God's. A man may be learned on mere books, on the colors and blazon of heraldry, on the genealogies of kings, the classification of shells.

Learning often narrows a man's sphere. That acute thinker, Jean Paul Richter, says very truly, "A learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man is equally useful to the learned and the simple. The merely learned man has not raised his mind beyond that of others; his method of judging is not more acute; his remarks not more fine and delicate, nor his deeds more noble and beautiful than those of others." As a perfect knowledge of fencing cannot give a man bravery, or manliness, so learning never gifts him with wisdom. It does not show itself in the precepts of the schools, nor in a perfect remembrance of a rule of grammar; but it deals with causes, and remembers effects. Again, learning puffs a man up. Wisdom always makes him humble, even when he most triumphs by that wisdom.

Learning may conduce to a man's pleasure; indeed it must do so, for it affords him ways to pleasant avenues of thought and vistas of knowledge, and occupies his mind healthily. But more than this, it enlarges his self conceit, and allows his time to pass pleasantly in self-contemplation; for it is a very seductive tickling thing that contemplation of one's own cleverness and superiority. When Dogberry assumes the magistrate's gown and sits in judgment, he does it with more importance than the wise judge, who, covering his face with his robe, prays God to inspire him with a true judgment. There are plenty of learned Dogberries, who, mounted on the pedestal of their thoughts, look down upon the world.

"Watt!—who's Watt?" asked a college don; "I never heard of him. He never edited a Greek play." Yet Watt's wisdom thought out the steam engine and revolutionized the world. So the Austrian generals, learned in the old art of war, perfect in the rules of the book which taught them when, how and where to enter on a campaign, how to withdraw their troops, how to commence an engagement, opened their learned eyes in amazement when the young Buonaparte, throwing all the rules of the military colleges at defiance, advanced into Italy in mid-winter and beat up their quarters and beat them. A too strict adherence to learning makes some men appear very ridiculous. Hazlitt has written an essay on the ignorance of the learned; it is so vast a subject that it requires a volume.

Learning can aid wisdom in this way; it can give a man more space, more opportunity of being wise and good. "It will teach a man to do, as well as to talk, this wisdom," said Seneca. It does not show itself so much in words as in a mastery of will, appetite, passions; of behavior, it concerns the whole life; and when once in a man, seldom departs from him. Socrates found it most with poor people and workmen. When he came amongst the professors of the arts, he found that they were obstructive rather than instructive, and by his system of question and answer soon proved that they were very ignorant. Then he went amongst the lower people and found that it rather resided there than elsewhere; not that these men were not led away by folly, but that humbleness conduced to wisdom, and pride took from it. And he himself, the wisest man who lived, was little regarded, and judicially murdered for his wisdom. For although utterly simple, never offensive, lowly and quiet, this quality has a great knack of angering fools. As Sydney Smith said of Jeffrey's books, there are some men who are felt to be "indecently wise;" that is, they have a larger share than it is fitting they should have.

The sublimity of wisdom is so to act that we repent not of our acts; or, to use the better words of Jeremy Taylor, "to do those things living which may be desired when dying."

The wisest of us are but poor creatures. "The wise man," says the oracular Carlyle, "is but a clever infant spelling letters from a hierographical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity," but yet he was a wise man. And we all of us can be wise if we like; there is no more doubt of that than that we can see or can walk straight—blind men and cripples excepted.

We have only to try to be wise; we all have feeling, observation, and an intense self-interest, which only want turning the right way. Let us get wisdom first; learning may follow or not, we shall take it for what it is worth. Ofttimes our brain reels with the confused jargon of the schools; but we are never tired of the quiet grace of wisdom. Ofttimes learning leads us into pitfalls, into snares, dangers and quagmires; wisdom never does. Too often the lamp of learning shines but to betray, while gentle wisdom calmly soothes the rubs and troubles of the heavy life. Our choice then surely should lean to the one, not to the other.

A GOOD conscience fears no witnesses.

THE structural character, the soul that has expanded and rooted itself in realities through simple and wholesome living, works silently in other lives, leaves behind the hint of beautiful possibilities, suggestions we cannot perhaps put in words, because they are too finely subtle and escape analysis, but which sway us and live with us longer than all other influences, save those that stream directly from the source of all inspiration.

FIND fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

TIME is the most subtle and yet the most insatiable of depredators; appearing to take nothing, it takes all; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us and us from the world. It constantly flies, and yet overcomes all things by flight; and, although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death.

GOETHE, almost on his deathbed, said, "Let mental culture go on advancing, let science go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human intellect expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it shines forth in the Gospels."

HATRED, envy, malice, jealousy and covetousness, are venomous serpents, which bite like the adder. The man or woman who harbors them, in time becomes a miserable creature; for these serpents swell and expand until there is no resting-place for love, joy, and peace.

THERE is no evil that we cannot either face or flee from but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent. Duty performed or duty violated is ever with us, for our happiness or our misery.

IT is self-sacrifice which in countless ways oils the wheels of life, relieving distress, soothing sorrow, bringing joy into families, cementing friendship, endearing men to one another and lessening all the burdens of life.

LARGE means are not necessary to the development and exercise of benevolent feelings. Money may be misused in ostensible charities unless it is employed both intelligently and sympathetically.

JOY makes us grieve for the brevity of life; sorrow causes us to be weary of its length; care and industry can alone render it supportable.

IF young and old persons would spend half the money in making others happy which they spend in dress and useless luxury, how much more real pleasure it would give them!

BE cheerful, not in one position only, but in all; and, however Providence may see fit to treat thee, so let thy light continue to shine.

YIELDING to temptation to-day is inviting the tempter to come back and see us again to-morrow.

BY taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing it over he is superior.

COURAGE consists, not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.

NO one can be happy without first being useful.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

F. A.—Shakspere did not belong to any religious sect at all. He was baptised, married, and buried, by the Church of England, and always in its communion. Still he is so broad in his sympathies, that he has been claimed as a Catholic, a Jew, and an Infidel.

G. N. L.—1. The poisonous substance to which you refer in the potato is called solanine, and it is this which gives the bad odor to the water in which potatoes have been cooked. As it is unwholesome, this water should always be thrown away. The solanine is chiefly in the skin of the potato. 2. Potatoes are made green and bitter by being stored in places open to the light; dark places should always be selected. An authority upon the subject says that potatoes which contain much solanine are unfit to eat.

G. R.—Latin was formerly the language of the Roman republic and empire, and was spoken over the entire Italian peninsula. It ceased to be a living tongue about the eighth century of our era, but continued in use as the language of the church, of law, and of learning generally until within the last two centuries. Good Latin scholars can readily carry on a conversation in that language. As a considerable portion of the service in the Catholic church is in Latin, it is necessary that the priests should be good Latin scholars.

HOROLOGIA.—When the sun passes the meridian of Greenwich it is apparent time at Greenwich; but then the equation of time must be applied to apparent time to give mean time, or clock time. From the 25th of December to the 15th of April the equation of time must be added to apparent time to give clock time (see Nautical Almanac). Then, for every 15° of West longitude you must add one hour; and for every 15° of East longitude you must subtract one hour from Greenwich mean time; and for every degree, add or subtract four minutes, and for every minute add or subtract four seconds.

M. F. M.—Raisins are dried grapes, the best varieties being the Malaga, muscatel or "sun raisins." These are dried upon the vines, the stem to each bunch when ripe being twisted or partly severed. The grapes soon shrivel by the evaporation of the water they contain, and become sweeter by the concentration of pulp. The common kinds of raisins are prepared by drying the ripe grapes after they are picked, either in the sun or in heated rooms, and while they are drying dipping them in a lye of wood-ashes and barilla, to every four gallons of which is added a pint of oil and a handful of salt. This causes the saccharine matter to exude and form a coating of thin varnish.

SCHOOLBOY.—To perform the seemingly impossible feat of placing an egg in a bottle, first soak the egg for several days in strong vinegar. The acid eats the lime in the shell, so that, although the egg shows no perceptible change in its outward appearance, it becomes soft and capable of compression. Select the bottle with the neck a third smaller than the egg, and then by exercising care no trouble will be experienced in pressing the latter into the bottle. Fill it half full of lime-water, and in the course of a few days the shell will harden and your friends who are ignorant of the manner of its introduction will puzzle their brains to understand how such a fragile object could passed through an opening one-third smaller than the egg. The lime-water must be poured off as soon as the shell hardens in order to fully carry out the illusion.

RITUALIST.—"High" and "low" in relation to Church matters, designate views as much as parties. It is enough to say that at a particular period in the history of the Church certain views prevailed or did not prevail. Take, for example, the change of view as regards the mode of baptism indicated by archæology. If any one ask "Where were the believers in baptism by immersion some few hundred years back?" we reply, the early fonts and baptisteries were built in a fashion and of a size which show that even in the case of infants the whole body was submerged in performing the rite. Subsequently sprinkling was substituted, and immersion has come to be considered a recent innovation. So with "high" and "low" Church views and practices; the changes which have taken place in the shape and position of the altars and other matters—for example, the plan of churches—show that many of the notions which are now considered new are in fact old.

HOPE.—This correspondent asks if ladies may read classical works. Certainly. In Plato, Seneca, the meditations of Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, &c., you get the very best and soundest reflections, but you would find them dry. Lady Jane Grey loved them, and Queen Elizabeth was a fine scholar; latterly, Miss Bronte and Mrs. Barrett Browning had some, the latter much, classical knowledge. But there are our own classics which Hope can read, not dry, nor disfigured with dissertations upon manners, scarcely fit for perusal. These are Pope, Fielding, Goldsmith; of preachers and prosers, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, South; all the essayists; Dickens, Macaulay, Thackeray, and dozens of others. The early ones are not "squeamish," and are apt to call a spade a spade, but a virtuous lady will not mind that; it was the fashion of the time. Shakspere is very coarse now and then, but that hurts no one. In the first place every woman knows more, intuitively, than we give her credit for, and passes over such flaws; in the second, such blots fall off them like water from a duck's back; in the third, Shakspere has strengthened, upheld, and elevated tens of thousands of intellects, and never yet polluted one.

IN THE GARDEN.

BY W. W. LONG.

Lilies and roses together here grow,
Linked with love and truth;
Violets blue as in days of old,
Beautiful days of youth.

Pansies bloom by the path we trod,
In the dear dead days gone by;
Over there by the garden wall,
Pinks in delicate clusters lie.

When the moon is round and full,
In quiet summer nights,
The ghosts of memory wander through
These haunts of their dead delights.

Together here in the past we roamed,
And a story sweet was told,
A story that haunts us still, my dear,
From the trustful days of old.

Captain Fitzroy.

BY MRS. A. FRASER.

"GOOD-BYE!"

"Au revoir, you mean, Alan! You are going with us to Covent Garden to-night, you know!"

"No, I don't know!" he answered with a dash of impatience and the ghost of a frown on his forehead. Then, as if an excuse for his absence was necessary, he added more amiably: "Fact is, I have promised to meet Gordon to arrange for a cruise to Norway next month."

"I must wait patiently till to-morrow then to see you, I suppose!" she said with a little sigh that provoked him more than it flattered him.

"To-morrow I was thinking of running down to Ross for a little fishing."

"Give my love to Ethel. I have never seen her, but something tells me I shall like her."

"I'm not likely to see Miss Percival. Good-bye, Claire," and without warmer adieux the individual addressed as Alan lounged lazily down the stairs and out of the house.

"I cannot understand him," Claire Egerton murmured, as she rushed to the balcony for a last view of the riddle, the unpuzzling of which cost her so many heart-burnings and anxious moments. "If he cares for me, he surely couldn't speak to me as he does sometimes, and yet he says he loves me!"

As she leant on the balcony, her straight brows knitted a little in perplexity, she looked charming and lovable enough to justify Alan Fitzroy's protestations. A tall, slender girl, with wild rose tints in her fair face, big, liquid brown eyes and red lips, slightly apart, with a gleam of pearly white teeth between them.

The balcony belonged to one of the great Belgrave Square mansions, and Claire Egerton was sole child and heiress of old Jack Egerton—a nobody, as far as blue blood went—but a millionaire.

Alan Fitzroy was quite out of sight, and the girl turned slowly away from her watch-tower, and going to the mantelpiece, she took up a photograph of her lover and kissed it.

"Sometimes he can be so nice!" she soliloquised dreamily, her thoughts still running on the man to whom her hand was pledged and her heart freely given. And as she thought of his "niceness" a soft little smile broke on her mouth and irradiated her face into perfect beauty—a face that was wonderfully changeful—grave and gay, sparkling and sad by turns—but the radiant smile soon died away, to give place to a troubled look, as she paced the long room restlessly.

In a few moments she glanced at the magnificent Louis Seize clock.

"Time to go to father," she said half aloud.

She mounted the stairs with a heavy heart. She loved that old father of hers dearly, in spite of his want of culture—in spite of his rough manners and speech—and the fear that he was fast ebbing away into the land of shadows made her miserable.

Mr. Egerton, propped up on a high heap of pillows, turned a ghastly, emaciated countenance towards her as she entered, but even through the ravages of illness, his eyes lit up curiously as they fell on her. It was easy to see that the girl was his all in all.

"No better?" she asked in a low, dreary voice that betokened a lack of hope in her mind, and stooping over him, she kissed him, then turned away to hide the tears that welled up in her eyes.

"Not better—but worse—much worse!" he said wistfully. "Sit down, Claire, I want to speak to you."

She obeyed in silence, taking a chair close beside him, and holding his thin, nerveless fingers in her own firm, warm clasp as if to give them strength.

"Is Fitzroy here?"

"No."

"Is he coming back this evening?"

"I—don't think so," she replied quietly, trying to steady her voice. Fitzroy's movements were a sore subject to her.

"He was not here at all yesterday, Claire?"

"No."

How could she answer save in monosyllables? For she had no excuse to offer for her lover's shortcomings to anyone else, though to—herself, her heart was ready enough to make plentiful excuses for him.

"Claire! I wish you did not care for Fitzroy. If it was Walter Percival now, I should die easy," the old man said fractiously.

"Walter is very nice, but we cannot speak of him and Alan in the same breath," she answered rather coldly, hurt that her father should dream of drawing comparisons between the two men.

"As far as good looks are concerned we certainly cannot. Fitzroy is handsome but—worthless. Walter is passable, and sterling."

"Don't say that Alan is worthless," she asked in soft, imploring accents. It wounded her very soul to think that her father condemned Alan. Alan, who was to be her husband, and who was her lover.

"Yes, but he is, Claire," the weak voice reiterated, with all the energy it could call up. "Alan Fitzroy is a spendthrift, and a miser to boot. He loves to enjoy the good things of this life, and yet he would sell his soul for gold—and when he got it, gloat over it!"

"Surely Alan is not mercenary!" poor Claire gasped; the thought that he might be so struck her for the first time, and she shrank from it as if it had been a knife-thrust.

Mr. Egerton turned himself slowly round on his pillows and faced her. Every drop of blood seemed to have deserted his veins, and even his lips were livid.

"Claire," he whispered in a broken voice, "call up all the courage you have. We shall prove whether Fitzroy is mercenary or not—for you and I are beggars!"

She stared at him for a moment, fancying that illness had dazed his brain, but she saw that he was sane enough.

She was brave. By a mighty effort she crushed down the shock to her feelings with an almost supernatural calmness, and smiled—aye, smiled—as she passed her hand gently over the poor wan cheek and said, brightly enough:

"Never mind if we are beggars, so long as you and I are together, father!"

A feeble, fluttering, almost inaudible word of endearment was his response. Then they were silent for a while—mutually struggling to hide their suffering from each other. At last Mr. Egerton began slowly and with difficulty to explain how Claire, the supposed heiress to a million, was only a pauper, and on the eve of a life in which she would have to depend on her own exertions for her daily bread.

"My uncle, John Egerton, was an eccentric as well as a particularly cold man, and to his brother and two sisters he maintained a reserve that lasted to the hour of his death. I am the only son of his brother. I was named after him and credited with being his favorite. Of the children of his two sisters he took no notice, and when he died without leaving a will, I stepped into his property as his natural heir. For twenty years I have believed myself a rich man, and now at the eleventh hour, when my days are numbered, and I must leave you, Claire, to fight your way through life alone, I find that I have been the usurper of another man's rights——

"That man is Alan Fitzroy!"

At this name, Claire started as if she had been shot, and the excessive pallor that crept over her features argued ill for her faith and trust in her betrothed.

"There," Mr. Egerton continued, pointing with a trembling finger to an old Japanese cabinet that stood on a table at the foot of his bed, "is the last will and testament of my uncle, John Egerton, bequeathing every penny and all his land to Gertrude Fitzroy, his sister, and in case of her death, to her son."

"How long have you known this?"

"Since three months."

"You have known this for three months, father, and kept poor Alan out of his rights all that time?"

"I have kept silence for your sake, Claire. It is better that Fitzroy should know nothing of this till after your marriage to him."

"What! let him marry me in ignorance of the truth—never!" she cried vehemently.

"Tell him the truth and he will never marry you, Claire!"

She pressed her hand down on her heart—such a pain tortured it as she thought those words might be true; but she was young and sanguine, and her eyes grew as bright as stars, as she said:

"I believe in Alan, father."

A quick glance of sarcasm flashed across Mr. Egerton's face, but he did not attempt to deride her credulity.

"Shall I tell him, or will you?" she asked eagerly. She longed to put Fitzroy to the test, and to bring him forth unblemished from the fiery furnace of trial.

"Neither of us at present. You must wait till I am dead, Claire, before you say a word to him."

"It will not be honest," she murmured in a low voice.

"Honest or dishonest, you must obey me," he said excitedly, and the girl who had been brought up all her life in habits of strict obedience was perforce obedient now.

The days wore on, while Mr. Egerton lingered between life and death, and Claire was on the rack.

It was torture to her frank nature to deceive and to play an unworthy part, before Fitzroy especially, and if he had been really interested in her, he would not have failed to remark her unnatural manner and forced spirits. But Fitzroy was too much engrossed in his own grievances and worries to trouble himself at all about other people.

An officer in an expensive cavalry regiment famous for its big luncheons, its costly wines, "they bathe in champagne you know," a regiment in which expenditure trebled the receipts of its officers—to Fitzroy, beset by Jewish cormorants as insatiable almost as Shylock himself, and at his wits' end to find the El Dorado that could relieve him, the idea of marriage with old Jack Egerton's heiress had come like a flash of lightning to his perplexed brain, had seemed like a hope of manna in the desert. It was, in fact, the only event likely to wrest him from the gulf of trouble and poverty that yawned widely at his feet, but he looked on his matrimonial project with a disgust he could barely conceal.

Claire's wild-rose beauty and manifold charms were nil in his prejudiced eyes, the very fact, of having to marry her was sufficient to gall his wilful nature. If she had worn Medusa's head she would have found equal favor in his sight, and besides all the heart he could boast of—and it was not much—was given to somebody else.

He looked on Claire as an unpleasant but necessary appendage to the pounds shillings and pence he was in search of; and thus it was that, in spite of a certain amount of love-making which he forced himself to go through, a certain number of kisses he forced himself to bestow, he was completely minus all those trivial but delicious attentions that only real feeling can prompt.

But Captain Alan Fitzroy was decidedly a magnificent plunger, with crisp chestnut curls crowning his handsome head, soft, sleepy eyes whose iris was of deep violet, and a mouth perfect in shape, though weak as a girl's.

And Claire Egerton, unfortunately, was a born artist, a slave to her eye—Fitzroy's face had reached her heart through the medium of her fancy, and she had quickly persuaded herself that he was perfection both inside and out. It had been a desire of her father's that her engagement should be kept secret. Perhaps Mr. Egerton had cherished a notion that some one else whom he would have preferred as a son-in-law might come forward, believing Claire was free.

Fitzroy had willingly assented to the arrangement for reasons of his own, and as for Claire herself, so long as he was hers in prospective, she was quite content to keep this blissful fact locked up close in her breast for her own especial gratification.

So it happened that not even the nearest relatives of her family were cognisant of the matter.

"I wish I was poor, Alan," Claire remarked suddenly, some days after her father's revelation.

The two were alone together, a usual occurrence, with Mrs. Egerton ill upstairs, and no one to disturb them. Nevertheless, Fitzroy, as if to put all possible distance that the limits of the long room allowed of between them, stood at a window gazing at vacantly on the empty square (for the season was nearly over), while Claire lounged on a sofa at the other end.

"Just the stupid wish people always have when they possess more money than they know what to do with," he answered curtly, giving the cord of the blind a vicious pull as if he were in want of a subject to vent his spleen on.

"But I have a very good reason for my wish," Claire asserted gravely.

Fitzroy turned a face towards her on which sarcasm was decidedly written.

"My dear Claire, a reason could not exist for such a wish! at least not in the thinking of a poor devil like me."

"Suppose you were very rich, Alan, and the unwelcome idea entered you brain that you were only liked for the sake of your money?"

He looked at her askance for a moment, and judged directly that an arriere pensee promptly her words.

"Cela depend!" he remarked diplomatically. "If I knew myself to be young and good-looking, I should believe in my own attractions a little."

"Ah!" and a cloud that had shadowed Claire's fair face cleared off like mist before sunshine. She rose and walked up to him and slipped her arm through his.

"Alan! Suppose I was poor, would you care for me all the same?" she asked wistfully.

He knew the talk was all folly, for she was undoubtedly Miss Egerton, with more thousands than he could count at her back.

"Thanks, Claire!" he said, coldly, "for thinking me such an interested bit of goods!"

"I didn't mean that, Alan!" she cried, clinging closer to his arm, "only you know it would make me so happy to hear you say that, rich or poor, you would care for me all the same."

"Of course I should love you all the same," he replied, but in spite of him a red flush mounted to his forehead. "If, however, you were poor I could not marry you, for Cupid and starvation don't agree well together, and neither of us is fit for love in a cottage and all that sort of thing, I fancy."

A speech that would have chilled anyone, and it had its due effect on her, for she leant over a vase of gardenias on pretence of plucking a dead leaf, to hide a quiver of her mouth, while a shiver ran through her, though the thermometer was at seventy-five.

Then she glanced up at the handsome face near her—at the almond-shaped deep violet eyes and the perfectly chiselled lips; her idolatry of beauty returned in full force, and she felt that castle or cottage with him would be alike to her.

"Could you be a Lord of Burleigh, Alan?" she asked shyly, hoping and longing for him to take her into his arms and swear all manner of tender things if he were but rich and she was poor.

"A Lord of Burleigh, Claire! that's the Paladin amongst fellows that Tennyson scribbled about, isn't it? By Jove! I have been a pauper so long that riches would turn my brain, and I should be sorry to answer for my actions under such circumstances," and he laughed rather harshly.

She did not say a word. The harsh laugh—the unpleasant sentiments—jarred horribly upon her; all she wished was that she could then and there tell him everything, and give him his freedom—that that freedom would be accepted she had not the smallest doubt.

Fitzroy could not help but notice the shadows that had gathered now thickly over her usually sunny face. He knew he had given a too long run to his tongue. His pace might be dangerous, he thought, and with a disastrous result, and he pulled himself up with a jerk to throw an arm round her waist, and to say:

"Don't let us lose time in foolish talk, Claire darling. I have to leave you in a few days."

"Going away again?" she exclaimed in surprise.

His migratory powers were evidently on the increase, and he seemed to be ever on the wing.

"I promised Gordon a visit. You know I gave up that cruise to Norway to please you—and now I wouldn't go away, but I cannot well help myself," he murmured with an air of martyrdom.

A little weariness of these enforced absences rather ruffled Claire's temper.

"You are not obliged to go if you don't like, I suppose," she said indifferently, with a shrug of the shoulders.

He gave her a low, level glance and screwed up his lips. His tassel-gentle was evidently growing restive, and he must tame her and make her settle down firmly in his grasp by a few tender phrases.

He stooped and looked into her face

until she could see herself mirrored in the clear blue depths of his superb eyes; and under the glamor of those splendid blue depths her wrath melted away at once into thin air.

"You know I hate leaving you, Claire. Don't you believe that I do, my dearest?"

The expression of his eyes—the tone of his voice—the words of love—were all sham; but she did not dream of it.

"Alan! you make me so happy sometimes," she whispered with a hot blush, as she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Do you love me very much, my own?" he asked in well-feigned accents of tenderness.

"So much—that it would just break my heart to part from you!" she cried passionately.

"And so it would mine!" he replied fervently, "or rather it would be torn into smithereens by those grasping Jews," he ejaculated inwardly.

* * * * * *

"My Love!"

Captain Fitzroy's voice had gained immensely in fervor since his last tete-a-tete with Claire Egerton.

His love raised shy eyes to his face and then flung white arms round his neck.

"Alan! how good of you to come again so soon!"

"If I am good—why am I not rewarded?"

A pair of the sweetest red lips in the world were lifted up and he bent and kissed them passionately.

In the lonely Herefordshire lane, close by the charming banks of the Wye, there was a rustic seat hidden from the vulgar gaze by drooping larch boughs.

Fitzroy drew the girl to it and she nestled quietly into his arms like a little child.

They were third cousins as well as lovers, and this united to the fact that they had known one another from childhood, made her more demonstrative perhaps than she might have been otherwise.

"And what have you been doing with yourself since I was here, Ethel?" he asked, stroking her hair caressingly as it streamed over his breast in long fair waves.

"Thinking of you, Alan," she told him frankly.

"Is that anything new, little one?"

She blushed a faint pink blush that increased her loveliness tenfold.

"It seems to me always as if I remembered nothing that existed before we loved one another—and since—I only remember you!"

Fitzroy answered her and satisfied himself by drawing her closer to him and resting his face against her own.

"Were your mother and Walter astonished to see me last evening?"

"A little. Walter said he could not understand what attraction a man so essentially town-bred as yourself could find in such an out-of-the-way place as this!"

"Ah—he doesn't know!" and his violet eyes looked down straight into the forget-me-not eyes of Ethel with an expression that said plainly, "If he did know—he would not wonder if I went to the world's end."

"No—he doesn't know," Ethel replied a little regretfully—then she plucked up courage. "Alan, it would make me so happy if I could tell him!"

"Not for the world," he cried eagerly—visions of Miss Egerton and her thousands vanishing in the distance, and the gigantic armies of Israel advancing to the fore, made him shudder at the very notion. "I haven't the means to marry at present, and Walter would object to a long engagement and probably forbid our meeting."

It was enough. There was not much fear of her pressing the point, when anything would be preferable to the chance of being debarred from seeing him.

"We cannot be too careful in fact of our secret, my darling; all our future happiness depends on it!" he went on persuasively.

So Ethel crushed down the good impulse that prompted her to be open and truthful to her mother and brother, who loved her, and consented to hold her love tryste with Fitzroy in secret.

"Do you ever see Claire Egerton?" she asked.

"Occasionally."

"Does she seem to like you?"

"So-so."

And as he recollected whose head had so often rested lovingly on the shoulder that was dedicated now to the particular benefit of Ethel Percival, he certainly felt a little dishonorable and ashamed.

"And do you like her?" persisted Ethel.

"As a sort of connection."

"I am a sort of connection, Alan—do you only like me in the same fashion?"

"You little fool! Claire is my first cousin, but she might be my grandmother for the liking she has evoked in your humble servant."

"Isn't she very pretty?" and the girl felt a painful thrill as she thought of his being thrown into the company of a beautiful woman.

"Not half as pretty as you are, my pet," he said, earnestly and truthfully enough, gathering up the slight figure with an ardor that would have given Claire a new lease of life and joy and hope.

"Alan, I believe I am developing a jealous nature. I feel as if I could hate you if I ever found out that you liked or admired anyone else."

And Ethel drew herself out of his clasp with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes.

He laughed as he looked at her.

"And if you hated me, what would you do—kill me?"

"No! die myself," she whispered wistfully, turning pale at the terrible picture of her soul in revolt against him.

"I have eyes for none but you, my child!"

"And your—heart?"

"Is all your own."

"Swear it, Alan. Swear on your knees that you will always love me and only me!"

He flung himself on his knees before her.

"I swear it!"

And he was Miss Egerton's future husband!

"Walter thinks Claire perfection," Ethel said, when the two were seated side by side again.

"Does he, really?" and Fitzroy was inconsistent enough to feel angry that anyone should dare to admire or comment on his property.

"She would be such an excellent catch for him!" he sneered.

"Walter would never marry for money. Her fortune would always prevent him from proposing to Claire, he is too noble to be mercenary!"

"He is a nonpareil, no doubt," he said moodily, for Ethel had hit him hard without knowing it.

"Not a nonpareil, only an honest-hearted fellow. It must be dreadful to marry for money, Alan. I think I should pine away under a weight of shame and obligation."

"You see men are made of sterner stuff than you are, child. Money is such an excellent thing that it makes up for a multitude of deficiencies."

"Alan!"

"Well, is your romantic little soul above such material things as pounds, shillings and pence?"

"No! but I have no money and you have none, and if you cling to it so much, how is it going to end for us?" she asked, so wistfully that it went to his heart. Claire's words flashed across him.

"I may have money some day, Ethel, then I shall be a Lord of Burleigh and you my bride," he said, kissing her fondly.

She lifted up a face with sunshine on it.

"Oh, Alan! it would kill me to lose you!" and she wound her arms round him and clung to him as if nothing should divide them.

Fitzroy looked at her. Then he remembered Claire and was silent.

* * * * * *

Old Jack Egerton died, and died quite suddenly after all, and Claire, in the first shock of her loss, had no heart to think of anyone but the man who had been the best of fathers.

But after a little while she remembered Fitzroy, and a sense of rectitude would not allow her to keep silent any longer on the matter of the will.

She did not even shrink from the task—strong in his faith in her lover, desperately reliant on the love and truth that were but broken reeds after all. Robed in heavy black and the sunny beauty of her face dimmed by tears, Claire looked ten years older when she walked slowly into the room where Fitzroy awaited her.

She did not go up to him, but sat down on the nearest chair and closed her eyes for a moment.

Then she plunged into the subject at once.

"Alan, I asked you once whether you would be the same to me whether I was rich or poor."

He thought she was putting him through his paces, and determined to come out faultless from his trial.

"Yes! and I answered that, rich or poor, I should care for you all the same, Claire, my dearest!"

"Alan! I am poor in purse, but my heart is rich in love for you!"

He stared at her quite rudely. An instinct seemed to tell him that she was speaking the plain, unvarnished truth.

"Are you joking, or are you going off your head, Claire?" he questioned sternly.

"Neither joking nor going mad. My fortune was a fraud and I am no heiress, but if you love me as you say you do, I shall be as happy as the happy is long," she cried joyfully.

He turned as white as a sheet. The last straw had floated away from his grasp, and he was a drowning man. But he had the presence of mind to conceal tolerably his disappointment—his bitter regret.

"If you speak the truth, Claire, I fear we two must part. Much as I care for you, I cannot marry you."

"Much as you care for me? Is that true, Alan? If you had money, we two should not part?"

"Of course not! how could you think it?"

She got up and stood before him, then, taking his hands, she held them firmly, and looking him steadily in the face, she said solemnly:

"Then I shall be your wife, Alan, your loving, faithful wife, for you have not only money, but you are passing rich!"

"Claire!"

She let go his hands, and taking a paper from her bosom, she opened it and held it before his eyes.

"This gives you all the money that I have lost, Alan!"

He seized the document roughly and perused it, his face flushing crimson, his eyes kindling.

"All mine!" he gasped thickly.

"All yours, Alan, and I am yours too!"

He had the grace to turn his face away as he answered:

"No! Claire—it is impossible—for I have loved someone else for years!"

She sat down—never so much as lifting up her eyes—while he prepared to leave the room—but when he was fairly gone, and she was alone—alone in the world—great passionate sobs burst from Claire's breast. Sobs for the love that had lived for this man—and had died so cruel a death by his hand.

* * * * * *

"You ought not to make Walter miserable, for he loves you so dearly, Claire," Ethel Percival said with tears in her eyes.

"Walter knows that I care for him, though I have refused to marry him—I cannot consent to be a burden on him," Claire answered in a low voice, which was unsteady in spite of her.

It was six months since she had come to Ross. When she was left poor and homeless, and—par consequence—friendless, the Percivals, who were distant cousins, had come forward and offered her shelter and affection, and she had accepted the offer gratefully.

Only enough money was secured to her to render her independent to a certain extent as far as personal wants were concerned—and under these wretched auspices, for they were wretched to one who, from her birth, had been accustomed to unlimited expenditure, she entered her new home.

But the six months had worked a marvellous change in her feelings. Walter Percival loved her and she had learned to love him with a deeper, more enduring, love than she had ever lavished on Fitzroy—for with the affection was united perfect and infinite trust.

"If I had money, I would be Walter's wife to-morrow!" she said frankly, "yet I do not care for money, Ethel. It is a curse and not a blessing, very often."

"A curse!" and Ethel opened her blue eyes wide.

"Yes, it was money that nearly broke my heart, and killed my faith in the goodness of human nature!"

"Walter has brought back that faith?"

"Dear Walter," Claire murmured, with a bright blush and a soft light in her eyes.

"Have you ever been engaged, Claire?" Ethel asked.

She wanted to find out if the girls who were engaged felt the misery and anxiety of her lot for the last six months, during which she had never seen Fitzroy or heard from him.

Claire did not even change color as she replied. Fitzroy's influence over her feelings was a thing of the past completely, and she could speak his name calmly and coolly, with only just a little scorn cropping up in her mind.

"Yes, Ethel, I was engaged for some months to a man who swore he loved me for myself, but when I lost my fortune he cast me aside like a worthless glove. Is it any wonder that money is a horrible thing in my eyes, since it opened them to an amount of deceit and falsity that I never imagined existed?"

"Perhaps he could not help himself, he might have been too poor to marry," suggested Ethel, in the hope of salving down the bitterness of spirit that Claire evidently felt.

"Oh no!" she cried, "there was no such excuse for his conduct, my poverty made him—rich!"

"It was not Captain Alan Fitzroy of the ——Dragoons?"

At the tone Claire turned hastily to see that Ethel was ashy pale.

"It was! Is he anything to you?"

"We have been engaged for two whole years, and this is the end?" the girl said, in a dreary piteous voice that told of the desolation in her heart.

"Oh, Ethel!"

And Claire took the slight figure in her arms and comforted her just as she would have comforted a child.

"He has broken his oath—he can never be anything to me again," Ethel cried.

"What oath?"

"He swore on his knees that he would never love anyone but me!"

"Be satisfied, child—he has kept his oath as far as I am concerned. Captain Fitzroy adored my money, but he never cared about me."

"He must be so mercenary—so unworthy!"

Claire had a good dash of nobility in her nature, and she forgot her own aggrieved feelings to try and soothe the poor little soft heart that beat so loudly near her.

"You may prove him neither mercenary nor unworthy. If Alan Fitzroy really cares for you, he is sure to marry you by and by."

"By and by."

It was an indefinite period to look forward to—but in spite of her jealous fears and her wounded love, Ethel knew she would not be able to say "no" if her Lord of Burleigh came and said to her:

"All of this is mine and thine!"

"Don't close your heart against me, Claire—think how long I have loved you."

Walter Percival's eyes were hers beseechingly—they were not beautiful eyes—with their iris deeply violet—and neither was the mouth that spoke so perfect in shape as that other mouth that had not scrupled to utter falsehoods by the dozen, even while she gazed on it in foolish idolatry. Walter, with his manly face, his tender smile, was everything to her now—the Antinous beauty of Captain Fitzroy would have been powerless to tempt her allegiance from him.

"I don't close my heart, Walter! you may read it like an open book—and you will see your own name inscribed on every page!" she said frankly.

"Then marry me Claire, and make me happy."

She looked at him—now she could not doubt that she was loved for herself—and loved with all the strength of an honest man's heart.

"Will you take me, poverty-stricken as I am, and never regret it?"

"Claire!"

Only her name in response—but she knew that it meant that he would take her for better for worse—for richer for poorer—with a right willing heart.

"Take me then!" she said, slipping her hand into his.

But Walter was not content. In an other instant she was clasped in his arms, and a kiss—long and passionate—lay on her lips.

"I must tell you something Walter—an episode in my life."

"Not that you have ever loved before, Claire?" he cried jealously.

"Yes! but I have," she said quietly. "I loved—Alan Fitzroy."

"And are you sure that that love is quite dead?" he asked gravely.

"Trust me!"

"I do—but Claire, you must never see him again."

Walter was human, and on this earth perfect love does not cast out fear.

"Why not? Captain Fitzroy is nothing to me and you are——"

"What, Claire?"

"Everything!"

"My own!"

"It seems as if a blessing will rest on our marriage. Father said he would die easy if you and I cared for one another."

Walter's face lit up with a pleased smile.

"I should like to have seen him before the last. Was he much changed?"

"I have a picture of him I will show you."

She went and fetched the little Japanese cabinet and tried to unlock it, but the lock was obdurate and she gave up the attempt.

"Take it, Walter, and the keys; all my secrets belong to you now, you know," she said.

A little later she walked into the library.

Walter's face was buried on his folded arms and he did not look up as she entered. Thinking he was asleep, she bent over him and lightly kissed his hair.

He lifted up a countenance to her that shocked her by its pallor and the expression it wore. The cabinet stood before him, and its innumerable small drawers, and letters and papers, were scattered carelessly about as if he had pushed them aside.

"Walter, what is it?" she asked. "I could almost believe some dreadful secret had come to light!"

"It is a dreadful secret to me, Claire—something that will part us two for ever."

She dropped down on her knees by his side.

"Oh, darling, surely nothing could part us now!" she faltered.

"Could nothing part us now, Claire? Suppose you were once more heiress of broad acres—thousands—would you still care to marry me—poor—obscure as I am?"

"If I have you I want nothing else," she replied.

"Is that really true, Claire?"

"As God is my judge!"

He said nothing, but on his face broke a light that made him look as handsome as Alan Fitzroy.

"What was the date of the will that made Fitzroy heir to the Egerton property?"

"January 12, 1864"

The date was engraved on her mind, for her gaze had mechanically gone over it again and again as Fitzroy held it in his hand.

Walter took up a document and examined it.

"And this dated March 5th, 1871: 'I revoke my former will, and give and bequeath all my money and lands to my nephew, John Egerton, and at his decease to the heirs of his body, etc.' So, Claire, you will be rich once more."

"Rich in my husband," she whispered, creeping into his arms.

"I am sorry for this!" she exclaimed after a minute.

"Sorry for Fitzroy?"

"No, not for him, for—Ethel."

"Why, what can it concern her?"

"Walter, you have been engrossed so much in me, that you have been blind to everyone else! Ethel and Captain Fitzroy have been engaged for two years."

"But he was engaged to you six months ago!"

"That fact counted for nothing with him."

"The scoundrel!"

"Don't say that, Walter! I forgive him, for if he had been what my foolish fancy painted him, I should never have been here," and she laid her head down on his shoulder lovingly. "I am afraid Captain Fitzroy will never marry her now; he might have done so if he had kept the money, you know, and poor little Ethel will just break her heart!"

"As she is doing now at his silence and neglect—of course, that accounts for her looks," Walter said musingly, as he remembered how fragile his little sister had grown, and the whiteness of her face.

It was true what he surmised.

Alan Fitzroy's inhuman silence and neglect had broken her heart, and Ethel was dying fast, with forced smiles on her lips. Fitzroy had bid her keep their secret from her brother, and she had obeyed him at the cost of her life.

It was a bitter day for Fitzroy when he found that the money he revelled in was not his after all, but, to do him justice, it was not so bitter as the day on which he was called to say "good bye" to Ethel. The two were alone—the sick girl had willed it so.

"Ah, don't speak harshly to him, Walter, for my sake!" she had murmured, "and let me see him alone."

Fitzroy knelt by the bed, clasping two little wasted white hands closely in his, and Ethel did not say much, but her blue eyes rested fondly, yearningly, on his face.

"You won't quite forget me, Alan? You will think sometimes of the dear old lane, and the seat under the larch boughs, and of where I am lying, with my heart cold to you—cold for the first time, Alan!" she faltered in low, fluttering accents—but to Fitzroy each word was a blow.

"Your hand has touched this so often; don't let it be hidden quite away from you! Keep a little piece in memory of the dear old time," she whispered, holding out a tress of fair hair.

He could not speak; he was a worldling; he had a cold, hard nature, but in all his life he had really loved but this little girl. He took the lock eagerly—it looked like burnished gold in his grasp—and he rained down hot lingering kisses on it—and on her.

"You forgot to be Lord of Burleigh after all, Alan," she said with a faint smile.

"Ethel, I would have come, some day! I never forgot you. I never loved anyone but you in my life," he cried passionately.

She believed him, and the knowledge that his heart had been true though his lips had been false was dear solace to her now.

"Alan! how happy we were once!" she whispered, closing her eyes, and a happy look crossed her white face as memory brought back the past: the old country lane, the drooping larches, the wild violets gemming the ground at their feet—but the look passed, and her cheek grew whiter still and forgot to blush as it was wont to do when Fitzroy's kisses fell on it.

Human love and kisses had lost their power over the soul that strove to soar Heavenward, where there is no marrying or giving in marriage.

A little later Ethel slept her last long sleep, and all that remained of her on earth was the long fair tress that—during his chequered life—Fitzroy held as his dearest possession.

DOGS IN CRIME.

Some time back a gentleman sauntering along a main London thoroughfare, and lightly twirling his umbrella as he sauntered, felt it suddenly seized, and it was borne rapidly away in the mouth of a big dog. It turned out that the dog was an adept at stealing umbrellas in this way. The results of its robberies it took to its master, whom it followed a long way behind, and disowned as soon as relieved of the plunder.

Another dog, a spaniel, was purchased by an Edinburgh gentleman. Whenever, on taking his walks abroad, he had occasion to go into a shop to make a purchase, he soon began to observe the dog lingered outside for a while, and then sidled up in a casual sort of way, treating him as if he were an utter stranger.

One day, in a shop where he was familiar with the tradesman, he asked the latter, as the dog came in after its usual manner, what he thought of it, and called it to him. Thereupon the dog bounded out as if it had been kicked, and its owner then explained its peculiar behavior.

"Depend upon it," said the tradesman, "that dog's a thief. Next time you go into a shop, just go round the first quiet corner when you leave, and see whether it's got anything for you or not."

Acting on the advice thus tendered, the gentleman went into a tobacconist's further on, and by-and-by in came the spaniel. He could see nothing it could take unless it jumped on the counter; yet, on going out and turning into the first by street, he found it sitting in a doorway with a valuable tobacco pouch in its mouth.

Another extremely complicated and clever fraud is practised by a dog trained to stray. It generally loses itself where there are children, and gambols with them, much to their delight. They will cry to have it in the house, in spite of their parents, give it a nice supper and comfortable bed, kissing it an affectionate "good-night."

The dog is soon discovered to be accomplished in many little winning ways, and paterfamilias remarks that the dog is evidently a valuable one, and that it behooves him, as an honest man, to advertise it. This is done. Next day the owner turns up. All the children are in tears and inconsolable at the loss of their new playmate. The owner, however, is evidently greatly attached to it, and it as greatly attached to him, so away together they go, and a solemn sadness pervades the nursery for the rest of the day.

Next morning a note comes for the owner of the dog. He has been thinking, he writes, that as the dog would evidently have a good home, and as it was very fond of children, of which he himself has none, he might as well part with it now, as later on he would be obliged to do. If they cared, therefore, to have it, he would sell it to them, and would they make an offer? There is a general chorus, "Oh, do have it, papa;" and all day long mamma is teased to death over that dog, so that when paterfamilias returns from the City he is fairly driven into promising to write for the dog. He does so, the dog is paid for, and in a day or two is lost, having returned to its original owner, who lives on the proceeds of the sales of that dog.

Another man has a dog which, at any rate, keeps him in pocket-money and secures him free drinks. He operates in public-houses. If strangers be present, the dog soon attracts their attention, its master meanwhile talking to the barman or the landlord or a friend. The dog stands beside you and looks fixedly up into your face. Every movement you make, no matter how slight, it gives a quick turn of its face to the bar and one shake of its tail. Five minutes of this sort of thing makes you say to the dog—

"What is it, my boy? Would you like a cake?"

You purchase a cake, and are on the point of giving it to the dog, when its owner says—

"Hold on, sir; make it jump for it."

Accordingly the cake is put away back on the bar, where its repeated efforts to grab it fail. This opens the way to showing it in a lot of tricks: a piece of cake put on the dog's nose which it is to take when its master counts ten, or any other agreed upon number, and so on with others of greater seeming intricacy. The tricks of the lot, however, for which all the rest are mere by-play, is for you to give the dog a penny and see it refuse a halfpenny cake unless told to get the change. You give the dog a penny. It drops this and has it given to it, then, by its master, who tells it to buy a cake. It stands on its hind-legs and drops the coin on the bar, the attendant being ready with a halfpenny cake, which the dog immediately devours. You suppose the dog has made a mistake.

"No, it hasn't," says the barman, "it's only got a halfpenny."

This is right enough. You gave it a penny, but a halfpenny had been substituted when it was dropped in the first instance. Besides winning the halfpennies—and bigger coins than halfpennies and pennies may be played with in this way for all that the writer knows—the dog's owner stands an easy chance of being treated by strangers who admire the animal's sagacity.

Worth recording is the case of an extraordinary sheep-stealing dog. It belonged to a borderer, who in the day-time would show it the flock it was to steal at night. These it would drive home from great distances; and if, when on such expeditions, it happened to meet its master, it would cut him dead. Even if the day broke before it got the sheep home it would abandon them, being evidently aware that its deeds were more suited to the darkness than the light.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

American interest naturally attaches to the Japanese navy from the fact that her first armed ship of modern design was an American vessel, and her first Admiral was an American officer. The vessel was the ram Stonewall, which was captured from the Confederates while at Havana, and in 1868 was sold to Japan and taken to Yokohama by way of the Straits of Magellan, in charge of Captain George Brown, U. S. N. The first Japanese Admiral was Walter Grinnell, who was appointed to that office while an ensign in the United States navy stationed at Hiogo.

An economic authority sums up the strike question by saying that the official report of the United States Commissioner of Labor shows that the direct losses caused by strikes and lockouts in this country in six years from 1880, reached an aggregate of $80,536,913. The amount of wages lost was $59,677,440, in addition to which $4,430,559 was contributed as an assistance fund. The loss to employers is placed at $34,162,814. Thus it is seen that the striking employe loses $2 for every $1 of loss inflicted on employers. To wage war on such terms is a ruinous delusion.

A Chicago man has invented a chemical solution by which he claims that wood can be rendered fireproof. If saturated in this solution he maintains that it is impossible for a piece of lumber to burn, even if it should be soaked in petroleum. The wood or inflammable material of which houses are constructed is first immersed in the solution of chemicals for a period of twenty-four hours. The lumber thus treated is said to be fireproof, and will burn no more than a piece of iron or stone. By means of the chemicals the wood becomes so dense that heat will decompose it by charring only, but will not cause any flame.

In Russia when a person happens to possess a nightingale which is a good singer, the bird is made a sort of teacher of music to others of his kind in the neighborhood. Many Russians seem to be in the habit of keeping pet nightingales, and the neighbors bring their cages to the owner of the finest one, that the inexperienced birds may listen to the singing of their master. The latter are reported as keeping quiet and listening intently. Then after a while they venture a note or two, then another, and another, till they have caught the song and can go through with it. It is said that the nightingale sits in apparent meditation, as if inwardly rehearsing, and then bursts out into song.

Previous to the advent of McLeod the Reading Company used an old sign, "Beware of the Engine and Cars," followed by a series of injunctions that no man walking over the road would have patience to read. There were several accidents which brought the company into the Supreme Court, and the sharp lawyers opposed to the company claimed that those signs were not clear warning. Mr. McLeod went to Judge Paxson, who wrote this admirable sign: "Railroad Crossing—Stop, Look and Listen." Mr. Paxson received for this modest composition the sum of $4780, a trifle over $769 66 a word, a higher rate than any author has received in the past. It can fairly lay claim to being the most expensive composition on record, and shows the value of brevity as nothing else could do it.

The United States Board on Geographic Names has decided that the quaint spot on the Massachusetts coast known as Woods Holl shall again be called Woods Hole. From 1702 until 1875 the place was known as Woods Hole, when the voters of the village asked the Postmaster General to change the name to Woods Holl. It appears that a visitor named Fay wrote a monograph, entitled the "Tracks of the Norsemen," in which he claimed that about the year 1000 the Northmen sailed into Vineyard Haven, and settled there. The hills around the place were such as in their own country were called "holls;" hence the name Woods "Holl," which Mr. Fay claimed had been corrupted to "Hole." George Bancroft declared that no authentic evidence of the presence of Northmen in this country has ever been found.

The boot and shoe exhibit at a recent international industrial exhibition leads one to view with alarm the prospective fate of the human pedals. The wide variety of ingenious shapes shown in boots discloses the fact that the human foot in modern times has ceased to have a shape of its own. The one principle which stands out most prominently in all the schools of the shoemaking art is this: That there is but one recognized toe on the human foot. The other excrescences are not to be countenanced or tolerated. The definition approved by all boot modistes is that the human foot is a variable aggregation, consisting of four parts—the heel, the instep, the ball and the great toe. A generation or two more of culture and heredity under the Draconian laws imposed by the boot artists will, doubtless, see the human foot simplified and improved by the gradual elimination of four superfluous, useless and inartistic frontal projections.

THE GLOBE.—Three great divisions of the globe took their names from feminine originals—Asia from a nymph of that name, Europe for Europa, the daughter of Agenor, and Africa from Labya, or Aphrica, the daughter of Epaphus. And the fourth quarter, America, though named for a man, has been given a feminine ending.

A DEVICE in use by the Baltimore Traction Company allows the Fire Department's hose to be carried over the tops of the cable cars, and thus there is no delay to traffic during the continuance of a fire on the line of the road.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Cures, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE.

BY E. A. F.

"ARE you glad, Charlie, that we are soon going home to England?" asked little Nellie Wilson of her brother.

"Why, of course I am!" he replied. "I am tired of having no one but black boys to play with."

Charlie and Nellie lived in Northern India, far away from any towns, for Mr. Wilson was a tea planter, and his "tea garden," as the farm was called, lay amongst wild tangly jungle and precepitous hills.

Charlie and Nellie had never been to England, and they often used to wonder what it was like.

"What do you s'pose you'll do directly we arrive in London?" the little girl questioned.

"Order an ice cream, I think," the boy replied, after a pause; adding, "Oh dear! it's so hot here in the verandah; let's go outside."

"Charlie, mind what your father said," a voice called from within the house, "and do not stray beyond the tennis-lawn. Take care of Sissy, too."

"Oh, I'll take care of her, mother dear," Charlie called back as they scampered off, whilst their mother followed them with her eyes, wondering how long it would be before Charlie grew less headstrong and heedless of consequences.

It was not that the boy meant to be willful or disobedient, but he was so strong himself that he sometimes forgot that his little sister wanted gentle and constant attention, as she was only five years old, whilst he was nearly nine.

"Let us go and find Naidoo," suggested Nellie, as hand in hand they wandered through the garden.

"Oh, I'm tired of him, Sis. He's like all those boys: he can't do anything. He can't swim, he can't throw straight, and he can't play cricket.

"He can climb trees better than you, Charlie," suggested Nellie.

"Oh, so can a monkey!" replied her brother quickly.

"Don't you think he is brave, too?"

"Brave!" echoed Charlie with contempt; "whoever heard of a black boy being brave?"

"Naidoo isn't very black, Charlie; he's only brown."

"Well, brown then," said Charlie: "it's all the same."

Naidoo was the son of one of the native servants who worked for Mr. Wilson. He was very devoted to the two children, and would carry little Nellie about on his bare brown shoulders by the hour together when she felt too hot and tired to walk. He was always so careful, besides, that it was no wonder when presently Charlie ran off in chase of a big butterfly, and did not return, Nellie should set out on her own account to try and find Naidoo, to get him to play with her.

Now the native people used to send their cattle to graze in the jungle which skirted Mr. Wilson's garden, and as Naidoo was usually minding some of these, the little maid directed her steps that way, calling the boy by name as she ran. For some distance the trees grew wide apart and the grass was short, and Nellie ran on, only thinking how cool and pleasant it was in the shade of the jungle, and how hot in the sun. Then the trees began to grow closer together, and at last, after wandering amongst them for some time in the vain search for her playfellow, Nellie decided she had better go back.

But that was more easily said than done; and very tired she began to feel after tramping over the long thick grass—she had never noticed the grass so thick before—which in some places was very tall too.

Presently Nellie came to a fallen tree, and sat awhile to rest, looking down at her tattered dress and bleeding bare legs, scratched as they were by brambles and all sorts of nasty prickly bushes through which she had been scrambling.

"Whatever will mother dear say?" said the little girl, as she jumped up to continue her homeward way. "What a big place the jungle seems to be!" Then a terrible fear came over her that she had lost herself.

Now, whilst poor Nellie was in the midst of all this trouble, what were they doing at home? What, indeed! The anguish of her parents was terrible when they learned from Charlie that he had lost sight of his sister, and did not know in which direction she had gone.

Every nook and corner round the house was searched, but no Nellie.

Then a dreadful fear seized Nellie's father, for he had heard that morning, in talking to the natives as they worked amongst the tea, something about a large tiger which had been prowling in the neighborhood for the past few days, and had only the night before carried off some native cattle grazing in the jungle near at hand. He said nothing to anyone of this, fearing to make them still further alarmed; but trouble could be seen in his pale anxious face as he called out to a servant—

"Quick! bring me my rifle," and then flung himself upon his horse and galloped off in the direction of the jungle.

Before going far he came upon a trace of his dear little daughter, for a piece of her white pinafore hung fluttering from a bramble, having been torn off as she had scrambled through, thus showing the direction she had taken.

Poor Nellie, in the meatime, was crying bitterly, being tired and hungry, and yet not knowing which way to turn for home, when suddenly a sound caught her ear which caused her to pause and listen. A smile came her face as she did so, for she recognized in the distance the voice of Naidoo calling to his cattle.

In a moment, forgetful of torn frock and weary feet, the little maid, crying, "Naidoo! Naidoo!" at the top of her voice, was running towards him. So intent was she upon reaching the faithful fellow that she did not notice the strange rustling sound behind her, drawing rapidly nearer and dearer. A second or two more, and Nellie stood in an open glade of the jungle, and catching sight of the native boy tending his cattle, rushed delightedly towards him.

Now Naidoo's eyes were sharp, and you can imagine his horror when, at the same moment that he saw his tiny mistress running with outstretched arms, he beheld, not a hundred yards behind her, the yellow striped body of an enormous tiger skulking along through the grass.

His first thought was to save the child somehow, if he could. But how? As quickly as one may speak, he hurried forward towards his cattle, and with whip and voice urged them along, endeavoring to drive them between the tiger and Nellie, hoping that by so doing he might attract the animal's attention away from the little girl. He was not a moment too soon: as the cattle came towards the tiger he made a great spring, and with a roar that echoed far away amongst the forest trees, seized upon a trembling cow, and in a second was clinging to its neck and dragging it to the ground, in spite of the efforts of a big bull, who bravely tried to defend his comrade by driving his sharply pointed horn into the tiger's neck.

It was a fearful moment. Naidoo breathlessly rushed forward, and seizing his terrified little mistress in his arms, made off with her towards safety as fast as he could. Poor child! she even now scarcely realized her danger, when there was a loud shout, immediately followed by the crack of a rifle, and as the tiger slowly released his hold of the cow and rolled over quite dead, there on his panting horse, with the smoke of the gunpowder still wreathed about him, rode Nellie's father.

"You have saved my little one's life, brave Naidoo," said the tea planter, with deep gratitude in his voice, as he folded Nellie in his strong arms, scarcely able to believe he had her safe once more.

What rejoicings there were that evening! How terribly Charlie grieved that his carelessness had nearly been the cause of losing his sister in so terrible a manner. It was a lesson he never forgot, remembering, as he did, that but for the courage and presence of mind of one of those dark-skinned native boys whom he had always despised, she had been lost indeed.

"No, no, my boy," his father said to him later on, "you must never judge a man by his outside, but by the brave heart which beats underneath."

When the Wilsons left India, a few weeks latter, for a visit to England, you will be glad to know they did not leave the faithful Naidoo behind.

INNOCENCE.—Innocence, however attractive it may appear, is simply a negative quality. It is the absence of something wrong, but not necessarily the presence of something right. In its most common use, with regard to some special vice or crime, it simply means that a particular deed has not been committed. We say that such a one is innocent of the theft or falsehood or evil intention with which he may have been charged; but, while we are glad that such is the case, that fact does not endow him with any positive good quality. The jury who pronounce the prisoner at the bar innocent of the crime for which he has been tried do not thereby attribute to him any special virtue. We may rejoice at his acquittal and sympathize with him in having been unjustly accused; but the mere avowal of his innocence, while it clears, cannot exalt his character.

WHY HE WAS MADE A BISHOP.

WHEN Maria Christina, the Queen-regent of Spain, was a little girl, she one day met with an adventure which had a very pleasant sequel some years after.

Her governess and she had left the castle for a morning ramble among the hills, and at the time they set out it promised to be fine weather.

But later on the sky grew cloudy, and a violent thunderstorm overtook them when a great distance from home. The two gathered up their baskets, and made off for some place of refuge. Presently a wretched broken-down shepherd's hut came in sight, and dashing hurriedly down the steep mountain path, they burst in through the door.

Their intrusion, however, was resented by a small boy, whom neither had noticed. Starting up from the corner where he had been at play, or at work, he ran angrily towards the little girl, and dealt her a sharp blow across the cheek.

"What do you want here?" he asked roughly. "My father does not like strangers to come when he is away."

The p or little archduchess (that was Maria Christina's rank then) began to cry, and threw herself into her governess's arms. The latter soothed her frightened charge as best she could, an led the rude little fellow to the door, that he might see for himself what a storm was raging.

"Would you drive us out in such weather as this?" she inquired. "Just look at the rain pelting down!"

"I don't care!" he answered sturdily. "You ought to have——" and then, as if somewhat ashamed of his rough behavior, he retreated to his corner, and sat there sullenly watching them.

By-an -by the tempest abated, and the sun shone out once more. The archduchess had long since dried her tears, but nothing could induce her surly young host to speak a word. Now that there was no longer any excuse for their stopping, the boy flung open the door, and pointed to the blue in the sky.

"Come," he cried, "you cannot stay here; it is fine again. Be thankful that I have allowed you to remain up till now."

And out on to the mountain the two had to go, this time turning their steps in the direction of home. They had both got very wet and very dirty, but beyond that were none the worse for this morning's adventure.

A few years after this the young archduchess happened to be at a religious service. Among the others who were also taking part in it she noticed a boy of about her own age, and suddenly recognised him as the little fellow who had struck her and so reluctantly let the governess and herself take shelter in his hut.

But her good heart could not bear him any malice for this, seeing that he had only endeavored to carry out his father's wish. So after the ceremony she went up to him, and made herself known. More than this, too; for on learning that he was anxious to become a priest, but was too poor to go to the college, she generously promised to pay all the necessary expenses.

From that time, you will be pleased to hear, Maria Christina never lost sight of her boy friend. She helped him in many ways, and watched with kindly interest his progress through the various offices of the Church. And only a few years ago (not long after she had become Queen-regent) she requested the Pope to create him a bishop, which at the same time gave her Majesty an opportunity to make a capital joke.

"I want you," she wrote to the priest, "to become a bishop, because you know so well how to cressmare!"

This word means "to lay hands upon," and is applied to the bishop when he places his hands on the head of the person whom he is confirming. The Queen-regent still had in mind the occasion when, as a little boy, he had laid hands upon her in a very different manner.

HIM—"If I could say as mean, sarcastic things as you can, do you know what I would do?" She (expecting a compliment)—"No; what?" "I'd ask the Lord to give me strength not to.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Germany first made mirrors.

A West Chester merchant uses a rat to catch flies

Humming-birds fly swifter than any birds in creation.

Australia shipped 1,803,466 bales of wool during 1892-93.

Sugar as a food is said to be a promotor of muscular power.

Cymbals are believed to be among the earliest musical inventions.

Trained dogs will hereafter aid the French life-savers on the coasts.

It is calculated that 27,000 widowers remarry, as against 18,500 widows.

Of the 4030 convicted criminals in Canada last year but 132 were abstainers.

It is claimed that at present the English language is spoken by 115,000,000 people.

White huckelberries are reported to be found in abundance at Gardner's Lake, Conn.

Attempts have been made to manufacture bank bills and paper of aluminum in Paris.

An Indiana editor is anxious to get a canary bird in return for a subscription to his paper.

Eighty of the towns in Great Britain supply the names of one hundred towns in America.

Harry Bradley, of St. Louis, lost his own life recently in his efforts to save a drowning dog.

There are, observes a writer, more muscles in the tail of a rat than there are in the human hand.

One pound of cork is said to be amply sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

Most of the Central and South American Governments have their stamps engraved in New York city.

Wheat that is grown in northern latitudes produces much more seed than grain grown further south.

A German statistician figures that in three thousand years there will be but one man to every 220 women.

In ancient times bones were collected from the battle-fields, ground to powder and used to fertilize the land.

The sapphire which adorns the summit of the English crown is the same that Edward the Confessor wore in his ring.

Cloves come to us from the Indies and take their name from the Latin clavus, meaning a nail, to which they have a resemblance.

Hezekiah Butterworth reports that there are 1000 deserted churches in New England. He has no reference to clerical vacations.

Jerry Connell, a real estate owner of New York city, pays taxes amounting to one cent a year. His lot is probably the smallest in New York.

A guardian of the peace of Gardner, Me., was recently found asleep by a townsman, who handcuffed him and relieved him of his valuables.

The Prince of Wales, by eating toast at dinner instead of bread, has set a fashion which is becoming the rule in society and at leading clubs.

The South American method of killing bass with a blow-gun is being tried with fair success by a fisherman on the Potomac river, near Washington.

The proprietor of the Parker House, Boston, in 45 years paid to one market in that city $9,185,905 for provisions. The remarkable part of this statement is that only $100,000 went for beans.

A recently opened beer saloon, attached to the court brewery, in Munich, was called the Lohengrin, to the indescribable disgust of the Wagnerians, who have vainly striven to have the name changed.

The penny is a favorite sum for the church collection basket, and a London church, acting upon this theory, has recently displayed a conspicuous sign on the vestibule door: Do not drop pennies in the collection plate.

William Ragen and his wife, Nancy, reside on a little farm near Clifty, Ky. They are the parents of a remarkable family of 15 children. Of these, 11 are within the school age. The father is 45, and the wife has an ambition to be the mother of 20 children.

A Wichita, Kan., boy made what he conceived to be a bullet-proof coat, and when it was completed he donned it and invited a younger brother to shoot at it. The young brother complied, and the youthful inventor fell dead, pierced to the heart.

A double-tracked broad-gauge underground steam railroad will be an improvement in rapid transit which the City Council of Cincinnati will be asked to approve in the near future. The terminus of the new road will be in the heart of the city. The tunnel for its passage underground will be 30 feet wide and 23 feet high.

COME TO ME.

BY W. W. L.

To-night while ghostly winds are moaning,
And a ghostly moon peeps through
The ragged edge of the sombre clouds,
In darkness I wait for you.

Come to me, love, while the world is asleep,
Soon it will wake to tortured breath;
Come to me here in the stillness deep,
Bring to my soul its life or death.

ABOUT A SHIP.

Quarterdeck originated from the arrangement that the portion of the deck so called was about one-fourth of the whole space. For or forward-castle received its name as being the principal part of the ship in which the fighting took place, being raised much above the level of the other part of the deck, and holding a commanding position. Poop, the raised after-part of the ship set apart for officers, both in meaning and derivation comes from the Latin.

Gangway has been handed down from the days of the ancient galley of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians and Romans, it having been a board which ran along the whole length, serving as a passage for the rowers to and from their seats. It was also utilized as a resting-place for the mast and sail when not in use. The term now denotes a place of exit or entrance from or to a vessel, generally from the shore by means of a long plank or platform.

The Cockpit—in the lowest part of the vessel, below water, used during action for the treatment of the wounded—is derived from the old days of the English sport of cock-fighting; but this has been modernized, and is now known as the "flats;" why, no one can explain.

Booms—long spars used to stretch out sails to their utmost—are now unknown in war-ships, except those extending from a ship's side to suspend nets upon, as a protection against torpedoes. In the days of sailing-ships, nearly every yard and spar had its special boom for one purpose or another. From boom comes the term "bum," or "boom-boat," for the sale of luxuries and fresh provisions to the crew; the reason why it was so called that its owners were only permitted to secure it to one of the lower booms specially used for boats alongside.

Lubber, Dutch, a lazy, cowardly fellow, from whence we also have "lubber's hole," through which nervous, pluckless fellows creep into the tops, in preference of climbing the "futtock shrouds" in a proper seaman-like style. Anchor comes from the Latin "anchora" or "ancora," which, up to 600 B. C., consisted simply of a large stone with a hole through it.

The peculiarity of so many portions of a ship's rigging bearing names derived from the trappings of a horse can only be accounted for from the fact, as already mentioned, of the early war-ships being manned by soldiers as well as sailors, the natural consequence being that they, the soldiers, adapted some of their terms to meet the requirements of their changed employment. Amongst the various ropes, etc., will be found bridles, whips, bits, stirrups, etc.

The names of sails agree with the masts to which they belong, rising from the largest to the smallest: fore, main, or mizzen, with top, topgallant, and royal sails. Supplementary sails were often used in a fair wind, called stun-sails, or, more properly, studding or extending sails. Another form of supplementary sail is known by the name of staysails, triangular in shape, and fixed to the supporting or mainstays between each mast.

In very calm latitudes, where light winds blow, another class of additional sails are used aloft, and above the ordinary royal sails; these have received peculiar but appropiate names, and are called sky-scrapers and moon-rakers.

Reference must not be omitted to the old and well-known sea-term, grog, which was originated as a term of derision and disgust when Admiral Vernon, in 1745, introduced the wise innovation of making his crew drink their spirit ration diluted with water, instead of neat, as they had hitherto done. Jack did not like this watery business, and in revenge nicknamed the admiral as "Old Grog," and his diluted mixture as "grog," as he generally wore an overcoat of a color then known as grogram gray.

The days of towering wooden walls with their clouds of snow-white canvas spread to wind, and moving over the bosom of the ocean like a thing of beauty, are gone and past. No more "tacking" or "wearing," "great circle sailing," "bouting ship!" with the stentorian commands of "Tacks and sheet!" "Mainsail haul!" These are now all levelled down to "Full steam ahead!" or "Astern!"

The crew of an ironclad would be rather astounded, if not flabbergasted, if some captain of the past made his appearance and gave the order to "hoist the starboard foretopmast studding-sail," or "clew up your lee garnets," and "stand by the jigger-fall!"

A Bridge that Brides Never Cross.—Standing in the centre of an open field at Hoxne, near Eye, in Suffolk, is an obelisk erected to the memory of King Edmund, who met his death there at the hands of the Danes, in 870. On the site of the monument stood an oak tree in the branches of which the king sought refuge from his foes. At nightfall he emerged from his leafy hiding-place and secreted himself under a bridge which spanned a stream called the "Goldbrook."

A wedding party, however, passing over the bridge in the evening observed the king's gold spurs glittering in the moonlight, and in this way his retreat became known to his enemies. He was taken back to the tree in which he had previously hidden himself and shot with arrows, and his body was afterwards removed to Bury St. Edmunds and interred in the monastery there.

On Goldbrook Bridge is inscribed a record of the event. Local tradition has it that many years ago the existing inscription was followed by the words, "Cursed be the wedding party that passes this bridge." No part of this anathema is now visible, but the tradition is so well-known that a bridal party will take a circuitous route rather than pass over the bridge.

Grains of Gold.

It takes a strong man to hold his own tongue.

Avoid temptation by keeping out of bad company.

The first step to knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.

Society is what people are when they know they are watched.

No one can have joy to-day who is worrying about to-morrow.

Love is the only thing that can lighten burdens by adding to them.

The only real courage is that which comes from knowing we are right.

The devil probably feels that he has a good helper in the self-righteous man.

The man who has done his prayerful best has done all that God expects of him.

If you are leading a child, it may be that you are commanding a great army.

One of the hardest things to get people to believe is that little sins are deadly.

The man who helps to lift somebody else's burden gets a stronger arm by doing it.

Unless you think more than you talk, perhaps it would be just as well not to talk much.

Those who have not been tried and tempted much have little sympathy for those who have.

The richest man is not the one who has the most, but the one who can be happy with the least.

It is a recognized rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much; a man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat.

Femininities.

Call not that man wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.

People who have great strength are also apt to have some great weakness.

A 14-year-old girl who died at Fort Wayne, Ind., the other day, was 7 feet 3 inches tall.

The President of Chicago University, William R. Harper, is an admirable performer on the cornet.

Many a man would carry a burden contentedly if officious persons did not tell him it was too heavy.

Make your dwelling tasteful and attractive, both within and without; the associations of the home of our early days have a strong influence on the future life.

Deerfoot, the appropriately named Seneca Indian, who was celebrated as a champion runner many years ago, is still living with his tribe on the reservation near Irving, N. Y.

It is by imitation, far more than by precept, that we learn everything; and what we learn thus we acquire not only more effectually, but more pleasantly. This forms our manners, our opinions, our lives.

Of all the declarations of love, the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady, who asked him to show her the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.

A newspaper out West publishes an heiress directory. It gives the names, ages, and incomes of the girls of the place, together with such descriptions of their appearance as would be likely to interest gentlemen on the look-out for wives.

While Rufus Smith, of Oakland, Cal., was dressing, one morning lately, his foot became tangled in his trousers, which he was trying to put on. He lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor, receiving injuries from which he afterwards died.

The warden of the Kansas Penitentiary has his entire family snugly quartered at the expense of the State. His salary is $2500 a year, one son's $2000, another's $900, one daughter's $1000, and another's $600. There were more salaries, but not enough children to go round.

Mrs. A. V. Roe, a Washington lady, stopped a runaway the other day by rushing to the middle of the street and shaking the skirts of her dress at the frightened animal. She then seized the horse by the bridle and held on until some men came to her assistance. There was a woman and two babies in the runaway team.

Silas Imler, of Buffalo, Ind., is singularly affected. He is weak-minded and fond of playing with snakes. Recently he became ill, and whenever approached he hisses and darts out his tongue like a snake, and he tries to imitate a snake in the movements of his body. The physicians think that he has been bitten by one of his strange pets.

Theodore Scholl, a member of the Winfield, Long Island, Knights and Ladies of Honor, go into an argument with the Chaplain, Mrs. Schmitz, the other night, but was unable to hold his own. With a pair of scissors that she had concealed in the folds of her dress she quietly went up to Theodore and cut off one-half of his curling moustache.

The ideal way to hang a hammock is to place it six and a quarter feet from the ground at the head, and three and three quarters at the foot. The rope that secures the head should measure about one foot—it is better to be less—and at the foot about five times that. The object of this is to keep the head comfortable by being nearly stationary, while the lower part of the hammock will swing freely.

The ex-Queen Maria of Naples spends a part of each summer at Boulogne sur-Mer, France, where she puts up at one of the hotels facing the sea. "Her Majesty goes out in an open boat quite regardless of the weather, and even of the admonitions of two old salts who form the crew. She is often seen, but rarely recognized, half-way across the Channel by the passengers on board the Folkestone steamers, who wonder at the foolhardiness of the elegantly-dressed adventuress."

A fact that sheds an instructive light on the state of society in Russia is mentioned by Mr. George Kennan, the Siberian traveler. We have it on his authority that among the political exiles in Siberia who have taken the most active part in revolutionary projects in Russia during the last fifteen years are a number of women, whose general powers of endurance and inflexibility of purpose were utterly unsuspected—many of them delicate girls, of from eighteen to twenty-five, who would be taken for pupil teachers or Sunday-school teachers.

She had bought a "general admission" and before the first act was over she slipped down to a place near the front and seated herself. Two minutes later an usher came down escorting a man. The man held the coupon to the seat she occupied and the usher told her so. Then she gathered up her skirts angrily, picked up her parasol, which she had deposited against her neighbor's knee, wrathfully scrambled in front of three people and when she reached the aisle transfixed the man with an angry glance and muttered audibly: "What cheek some people have!"

Masculinities.

Only one man in 203 is over six feet in height.

The man who contributes to foreign missions makes his money go a long way.

The man who minds his own business always has the satisfaction of having a mind of his own.

If there be no marriage in Heaven, it is natural to suppose that most of the matches are in the other place.

Speaking of bereavement, Jones affirms that no death ever affected him so sadly as that of his wife's first husband.

According to the report of the British income tax officials there only 71 Englishmen with an annual income of $250,000.

There are, says a New York newspaper, about 10 Afro-American lawyers in New York, 13 in Boston, and more than 25 in Chicago.

A resident of Tuscaloosa county, Alabama, is the father of eleven children, six being school teachers and the other five attending school.

H. B. Burleigh, who is in his 76th year, has driven all the way from his farm in South Dakota, in a buggy, to his old home in Buffalo, N. Y. He started last April.

Jollicus: "Hallo, old boy! Why, you're looking splendid. Been away on a vacation, I suppose?" Henpeck: "I have stayed at home, but my wife is away on hers."

A New York man, while fishing on Cobb's Island, just off the coast of Northampton county, Virginia, a short time ago, claims that he caught 13 fish in two minutes.

The cheese-mite is more tenacious of life than any other insect. A scientist glued one to a pin in order to make microscopic examination, and in this situation it lived eleven weeks.

Nine girls belonging to the best families at Kuttowa, Ky., have organized a base-ball club. After some practice they will play three games with the boys, the proceeds to go to charity.

He: Is Taddles going to marry the young lady he is with to-night?
She: No; he's still devoted to his first love.
He: Who's that?
She: Himself.

A New York life saver, after a series of observations extending over a period of 20 years, says that the superstition that a drowning person rises to the surface three times is entirely unfounded.

An interesting experiment is being tried by a minister in London—the establishment of a church for children. It is a unique effort to meet the leakage between the Sunday-school and the church.

A man may float in salt water without moving his hands or feet if he has the presence of mind to throw his head back and allow the body to sink to the position which it will then naturally take.

He: My dear, have you got anything interesting that I can read? I mean something harrowing—something that will make my hair stand on end.
She: Yes; here's my dressmaker's bill.

He: I heard the other day that ice cream and soda water were injurious to the complexion. What do you think of it?
She: I don't believe a word of it. Married women don't have any better complexions than girls.

It is a rather remarkable coincidence that the name of the first criminal pardoned by M. Casimir-Perier, the new President of France, bears the name of Perier. He had robbed, with two friends, his father's house, and aided in killing the old man.

Charles Ashton, a Welshman, who is known as "The Literary Policeman," has been a constable at Dinas Mawddwy for a number of years, during which time he has published a "Life of Bishop Morgan," a "Bibliography of Welsh Literature" and other solid works.

Here is a curious matrimonial advertisement from a Parisian paper: A young man of agreeable presence, and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step.

The profession of boniface, it seems, is becoming a very fashionable and aristocratic one. Two restaurants and a cafe are owned and run by the King of Wurtemberg at Stuttgart, and a summer hotel in the Bavarian Alps is managed by the Empress of Austria's brother, Duke Charles Theodor of Bavaria.

A physician has brought out a novelty which consists of applying a rubber heel to walking boots, by which means the force expended in planting the foot on the ground is utilized to assist in progression of the wearer. According to this doctor's theory the harder a man brings his heel down upon the pavement the easier will he walk.

The longest ocean cable in the world is that of the Eastern Telegraph Company, whose system extends from England to India, and measures 21,000 miles. Africa is now encircled by submarine cables, which make up altogether a length of 17,000 miles. There are eleven cables across the North Atlantic, though not all of them are at present in use.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The ideal walking costume consists of a combination suit of wool, for it is as important in this as in bicycling to be protected against drafts and too suddenly cooling off when overheated. Dark stockings and flat-heeled, comfortably-wide shoes. No skirts should be worn but that of the dress, the undergarment being knickers of silk, pongee, cashmere, serge or tweed, according to the season. With lighter dresses for warmer days, such as linen, the divided skirt of pongee is better. This may be left free at the foot or gathered into a band or finished with elastic, to hold it in place at the shoe top. The outer skirt finishes with a deep hem, or facing is heavy enough to stay in place, and thick enough not to be seen through. For warmth for late fall or winter, leggings or gaiters are worn, according to the length of the knickers. Over all comes the dress skirt, that should never touch the ground. The cut is of little consequence; the full, straight skirt, the gored and circular all may be used, but the length should never be raised and the finish at the bottom should always be ten inches deep if the skirt is unlined; less depth in the facing is allowable in a lined skirt, but less than five inches is not advisable. The skirt will set better if lined half way up with grass cloth or crinoline, as is now the fashion, and, if finished with a heavy facing, no suspicion of the reform in the underwear is visible.

For the waist any of the simpler ones may be used. The blouse of linen or silk, with Eton or blazer jacket, is the best liked.

The probabilities are certainly in favor of the short collet being maintained, at least as far on in the year as the temperature will permit, varied by here and there a mantelet which may be most aptly described as a collet with long ends.

It cannot exactly be said that all the new collets exhibit a decided decrease in volume over those we have been accustomed to see of late, altogether many have such a difference strongly marked. They are principally those which are made by the tailors and of thick smooth-faced cloth, the different superposed capes of which they are composed being cut semi-circular so as to fit easily over the shoulders without flutes.

The more dressy collets are still made full and either fluted or plaited, but here, too, a slight change is evident, inasmuch as they no longer raise the shoulders above their normal height, being arranged so as to describe a gentle curve from the neck.

For instance, here is a pretty, dressy little collet, composed of a single cape circular, so as to fall in flutes of the figure, which it conceals to the waist, made of fine diagonals, shot golden-brown and cornflower-blue. Six bands of dull gold passementerie are sewn at regular intervals from the collar to the border. The collar is a stand-up quilling of cornflower-blue satin, the base of which is encircled by the folds of a cravat of the same tissue, tied in a bow in front and with wide fringed ends falling to the waist.

Another model has a short fluted cape of black satin reaching no further down than the elbows at the sides and in points to the waist back and front, three-quarters of which is covered by a box-plaited frilling of Greek net, the two being mounted on a small plastron made with a shaped collar, both in clustered jet on a satin foundation.

Within the shaped collar is set an extremely voluminous frilling of cerise-colored lisse. Of course, this ruff may be exchanged for one of a different color when the harmony of the toilet demands such a substitution.

Roses of plush and velvet are being purchased by the better milliners, and there is some probability that they will find a market for general consumption. This is likely to be decided in a few weeks.

Ostrich feathers are the great fashion, in all forms, as amazones, full and half-length, panaches, twins and aigrettes. Feather boas are also offered in all styles and find ready acceptance. These are made from small tips and are likely to meet with good consumption.

Amazones will play a great role, especially in black, but also in tobacco in all its gradations. In small panaches rubis, jacqueminot and cerise are favorite shades. Herons are found too dear to meet with large consumption.

Spangled or jetted net and chiffon will be much used as garniture for handsome fall gowns. This material is used for the entire body of the waist, the sleeves being of the self material. Again it forms the sleeves, the body being of the self.

Circular ruffles of net and chiffon, elaborately spangled in design, used on the skirts, with a tiny box-pleated niche of net to pink the top. Only a tiny band of spangles serves this purpose. These nets are sold by the yard, and may be had in any of the fashionable colors.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Cleaning Carpet.—Perhaps the most thorough way to clean a carpet, especially a Brussels carpet, is to lay it on a clean grass plat, face down, and beat it as it lies there. After being beaten thoroughly it can be dragged by the corners over the grass, which will brush off all adhering dust, and the carpet will be cleaned in the most approved manner. To beat a carpet on a line is but an imperfect way, and the work is not as well done, unless by the most patient beating, besides not being as easy as the first-mentioned way. The so-called carpet-beating machines are barbarous in their treatment of choice floor coverings. With perhaps 20 others our carpets are tumbled about in a great cylinder until they are folded in a thousand ways, and returned, instead of the stiff, firm carpets sent out, soft, limp articles that have lost half their wearing qualities. In Great Britain the prudent housewife compelled the carpet beaters to discard the rotary carpet destroyer, and automatic beating machines are now used, which beat carpets as near like handwork as is possible for machinery to do it. It will pay to employ men to take carpets into the country and beat them, as above described. After comparing results, carpets will never be beaten by machinery again. Again, don't let carpets be cleaned on the floor, as is being practiced in some cities. That slimy compound that is brushed on the carpet is only soft soap, nothing else, colored and perfumed, perhaps, with sassafras. It is true that it makes the carpet look clean, but it is well known that more or less of that soap stays in the back of the carpet, having worked its way through along the sides and in corners. Anyone versed in chemistry knows that this soap which stays in the carpet is resolved into common grease, attracting myriads of flies, carpet bugs and insects of all kinds, besides decomposing and filling the room with dangerous gases from this disgusting compound of grease, wool and dirt.

To Mix Mustard.—Mix mustard with water that has been boiled and allowed to cool; hot water destroys its essential properties. Put the mustard in a cup with a small pinch of salt, and mix with it very gradually sufficient boiled water to make it drop from the spoon without being watery. Stir and rub smooth; then add to a teacupful of the mustard two tablespoonfuls of good, sharp vinegar and a scant teaspoonful of sugar. A teaspoonful of horse-radish or tarragon vinegar may be added to the above if liked, or mustard may be flavored with celery of shallots, though it is not customary in this country to add any flavoring to mustard, the flavor of the mustard itself being considered sufficient.

Cleanse light summer woolens which are easily soiled with light finely-powdered French chalk. The soiled parts should be thickly covered with the chalk, which should be allowed to remain for one or two days and then removed with a camel's hair velvet brush. In most cases this treatment will cause the spots to disappear.

Wash willow furniture with warm water and castile soap, wiping very dry with a soft cloth, then dry in the sun or near a fire. To bleach it, after washing in warm suds, set in a box, without drying, put a small dish of burning sulphur inside and cover the box for half an hour.

The rubber rings of fruit cans will recover their elasticity if soaked for a while in weak ammonia water. This is quite an item when canning is being done and the rubber rings are found to be stretched out of shape.

Sandpaper old walnut frames and give them two coats of enamel or two of stain and one of varnish. If you wish to make a dark wood frame white give it first a coat of common white paint, then three of cream enamel.

For a weak person when bathing, especially in summer, a gill of ammonia in a small tub of water, or some rock salt, is a wonderful invigorator, almost as good as a sea bath.

A nail or tooth brush should never be left in the holder with the bristles uppermost. It stands to reason that water will soak into them in time with such treatment.

Instead of keeping ice in a dish where it will quickly melt, tie flannel loosely on the dish so that it drops into the bowl, and keep the ice in the flannel bag.

Soap bark is about the best thing that you can find for a wash for the hair, and 30 grains of quinine to a pint of bay rum the best and cheapest tonic.

Bread and cake bowls, or any dishes in which flour and eggs have been used, are more easily cleaned if placed in cold water after using.

A little flour dredged over a cake before icing it will keep the icing from spreading and running off.

Clean gilt frames with rain water, in which flowers of sulphur have been stirred.

FIRES WITH ODD ORIGINS.

Very often we see the account of some fire that it has employed all the energies of the Fire Brigade to subdue, and has cost the owners of the property or the insurance offices many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The cause of all this disaster may often be traced to some entirely insignificant source. One would hardly suppose that a rat gnawing at a box of friction-matches tipped with grease could ignite them, and yet such was once the origin of a serious fire.

A running belt that sagged into a mass of greasy waste set fire to the heap by friction, and caused the destruction of some extensive workshops.

On another occasion, an unfortunate cockroach, that had been exploring a can of oil, made his escape from the oil only to get on to a gas jet, where his oily body took fire, and, falling down, set fire to some curtains, and destroyed all the furniture in the room.

At one fire, where the brigade was energetically employed in subduing the flames by pouring water on to them, a stream from the hose of one of the firemen penetrated into another building, fell upon some quicklime, and originated a second fire before the first had been overcome.

Storms have often been the cause of fires when accompanied by lightning; but an incident that happened during the recent storm is possibly unique, for the force of the wind caught the sails of a large windmill, and swung them round with such velocity that the friction set the woodwork on fire. The flames were fanned by the sails, and the mill was quickly destroyed.

Not only nature's lightning that we have in storms, but nature's lightning that we ourselves do much to produce, in the shape of electric currents, has frequently caused fires, and fire insurance companies are now making vigorous efforts to understand and to counteract the risk that they run from these new sources of danger.

Recently, a harmless fire was originated by the friction set up by a heavy delivery wagon backing up in front of a furniture store. The smoothness and slant of the asphalt gave greater momentum than was expected, and the hind wheels struck the curb with a crash. The contact of stone and iron drew out sparks. Some of these flew into a wisp of packing-hay, and soon gave forth smoke and flame. A bucket of water subdued the blaze, but, as a fireman remarked, it was an interesting object lesson on one of the mysterious ways in which fires sometimes start.

There are other curious ways in which fires originate—as, for instance, when a man is behind-hand with his rent, or has his building or his stock heavily insured, and a too-inquisitive fire inspector discovers two or three bundles of shavings saturated with paraffin. The authorities are apt to look upon this as a curious coincidence, deserving of investigation in a criminal court, and to decline to pay the insurance money. But while it is, unfortunately, the case that a good many people fail to realize the very serious crime that they commit when they wilfully set fire to a building, it also happens that unjust suspicions sometimes attach to people who have a fire in their house, the cause of which cannot be discovered, and is, perhaps, therefore ascribed to wilful setting on fire.

So many curious and out-of-the-way origins have been disclosed, that there are doubtless a good many more which have not struck anybody—as, for instance, one which happened recently in Wisconsin, where a meteor fell from the sky, struck a barn, and set fire to a number of small buildings, causing a loss of over $2,500; an origin that would almost certainly have been ascribed to an incendiary had the meteor not been seen to fall.

ABRUPTLY CONCLUDED.—A few months ago "a man of the people," was pushed his red-hot Socialistic theories much farther than was agreeable to many of his hearers, was the victim of an effective practical joke at a meeting in Paris, at which he essayed with the greatest possible vehemence to advance his cherished opinions.

The man, who, by the way, followed the trade of a packer, had got into full swing, and with loud voice was inveighing in terms of fiery eloquence against the existing order of things, when one of the company, unperceived by the orator in the heat of his argument, dexterously managed to fasten a strap round his waist with a ring at the back.

A moment afterwards, to the intense delight of the audience, he began to soar aloft, dangling at the end of a rope; which had been passed over a pulley fixed to the ceiling. Here four artisans of the Faubourg administered to him a shower-bath by means of a constantly replenished garden syringe.

Before the commissaire the packer-reformer vowed he would never again throw open the flood-gates of his oratory before such an ungrateful rabble.

HYPNOTISM.—"I repeat to you that I saw these experiments conducted, as well as others more surprising and wonderful, and am fully satisfied," said a friend of the writer not long back.

He had been relating some incidents which occurred during an exhibition of hypnotic power by Dr. Luys, at the Charite Hospital in Paris, at which he was present, and the above statement was drawn from him in response to a remark throwing some doubt on the truth of the stories.

"What are the others?" he went on, replying to a query. "I said they were even more surprising and wonderful; you shall judge for yourself.

"You must bear in mind that the exhibition was the result of experiments which have been in progress for the last five or six years in Paris, that it was given by a member of the Ecole Polytechnique, and was witnessed by a large audience. That by way of preface. In the following instances (which I consider to be wonders of hypnotism, whatever you may think) two women and three men were the subjects. There were five experiments, but I will be content to tell you about two only.

"When everything was ready one of the women was called. She was delicate looking, and appeared to be readily susceptible of the influence which the professor, after the usual preliminaries exerted.

"Suddenly picking up a rag doll from the table, the professor plunged a knife into it repeatedly. With every stab, the woman, who was sitting in a chair, clutched her sides and shrieked as though in agony, at the same time looking round apparently for a means of escape; becoming so frantic as to leave no doubt in the minds of the audience that she suffered as much as if she herself was being subjected to the same treatment as the rag doll, and it was not until she had sunk down, to all appearance expiring, that the professor brought her back to her senses.

"In the other case the professor called on one of the men to take the chair, and a camera was wheeled in front of him. Then by means of a flash light, the room being previously darkened, his photograph was taken.

"It was taken after the American style (that is to say, on zinc or some similar metal), and was soon developed and fixed.

"The man was then hypnotised, after which the professor, standing with his back to the subject, drew a pin point across the face on the photograph, scratching both cheeks.

"Immediately there appeared a red mark on the face of the man, and he put his hands to the parts as though in pain. In turn the pin was passed over the forehead, lips, ears, etc., and in each instance the subject flinched and a red mark appeared, the nervous action showing that each scratch on the negative was felt acutely by the man in the chair."

Spend Sunday at Bay Ridge, the Coney Island of the South.

The Last Excursion of the Season August 19th.

Bay Ridge, on the Chesapeake, has become familiar to our readers as the greatest pleasure resort in the South. Located on a high bluff on the western shore of the Bay, commanding a view of that beautiful sheet of water for miles, and fanned by every breeze however light, it is particularly adapted by nature as a health resort, and has become the mecca for thousands who like to take a day off and enjoy the beautiful. The grounds have been beautified with flower beds and handsome buildings, and music pavilions erected. Electric railway, gravity railway, flying horses, riding and driving ponies; first class cafe, shady groves, fishing, boating, sailing, crabbing and bathing, and concert by military band, are among the attractions provided by the management.

The sail on the bay, passing Forts McHenry and Carroll, Annapolis and the Naval Academy, and Steelton, where the largest furnaces in the country are located, will prove not the least attractive feature of the trip.

The special train via B. & O. R. R. Sunday, August 19th, will leave station, 24th and Chestnut streets, 7.10 A. M. for Baltimore, from which point the trip to Bay Ridge is made on the steamer Columbia. Excursionists will arrive home on return trip 9.30 P. M. Tickets, $1.50.

Remember the date, Sunday, Aug. 19th.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Public topics in the August "Century" are: "Intelligent Citizenship," "Legal Tender Money in History," and "The Senate and the Constitution," the last being a reply from Cephas Brainerd, Esq., to the paper entitled "The Attack on the Senate," by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner in the July number. The fiction presents a variety of scene and character. Mr. Crawford deals with Bar Harbor, Mrs. Harrison with New York city, Mr. John Fox, Jr., with the Kentucky mountaineers, Mr. George Wharton Edwards with the people of the Canadian sea-coast, Mrs. Virginia Fraser Boyle with the Tennessee negroes, and Mrs. Harry Hallock Foote with Idaho frontiersmen. There is the usual variety of other articles on art, history, etc., with excellent illustrations. The Century Co., New York.

The leading features in the August number of "St. Nicholas" are "The Admiral and the Midshipmite," by Mary Murdoch Mason; "American Bicyclers at Mont St. Michel," by Edward H. Elwell, Jr.; the serials by Miss Mollie Elliot Seawell and Howard Pyle; "G. Whillikens," by James Barnes; a sketch of James Fenimore Cooper, by Brander Matthews; "In the Path of a Sound Steamer," by Gervis Howe; "The Bears of North America," by W. T. Hornaday; "The Daughters of Zeus," by D. O. S. Lowell, and "How Meta Saved the Mill," by Elizabeth Worthington Flake, and "A One-sided Correspondence," by Antoinette Golay, both bright stories for girls. The Century Co., New York.

IT WAS A SOFT ANSWER.

A man whose business brings him regularly to town got into a crowded railway car recently. He took a seat next to two well-dressed elderly women, who were intently discussing a bargain sale then going on at one of the great drapery establishments. While not given to yielding under pressure what he considers his rights, the man in question is extremely careful not to encroach upon those of others; but he had not settled comfortably in the seat when the elderly woman at his left, without deigning to look round at him, remarked in an angry tone that could be heard half the length of the car—

"I wish you would get off my cloak!"

The man promptly raised his hat, said "I beg your pardon," and stood up to allow the cloak to be withdrawn. This the woman did with a jerk, and without recognition of the man's prompt reparation for an unintentional offence. She kept her back to him, and to do this, sat sideways in her seat, thus occupying fully a third of that belonging to the man. She resumed the discussion of the bargain sale, and the other passengers smiled.

The man was nettled. He looked it, but said nothing.

There was a stout woman on the other side. She took up another third of his seat, and after vainly trying to open his newspaper, the man contrived to stow it away again in his pocket. Then he contracted himself into the smallest possible space, and meekly studied the hat-rack on the opposite side of the car.

In a moment the elderly woman at his left dived her hand into her pocket, and rummaged about for something she didn't seem able to find. The man had three cigars in his upper left hand vest pocket, and at every dive the woman's elbow came in vigorous contact with them, or with the man's short ribs. He got very red in the face, but the woman continued oblivious of his existence. When a more vigorous lunge than the others was followed by a crunching sound from the region of the cigars, the man exclaimed—

"Madam, I should be much obliged if you will take your elbow out of my side!"

With a fine assumption of injured dignity, the woman turned upon him. At last she had deigned to recognize his existence.

"You are most insolent, sir!" she said. "You have been annoying me ever since you got into the car. How dare you speak to me like that, sir?"

The monumental assurance of the woman staggered him. Then surprise gave way to admiration, and there was a twinkle of humor in his eye as he leaned over, and said in a confidential tone that was none the less enjoyed by those about who had been watching the fun—

"You've been tickling me, madam, and I don't like it. That's why I spoke."

The look of blank dismay, the pursed-up, speechless mouth that greeted this sally, showed that the battle was over, and the man had won.

He had lots of room after this to read his paper, which he did with evident enjoyment until the end of his journey.

GUARDED BY HIS DOG.—One of the most striking figures in the Russian palace at Gatschina is the great Danish hound that stretches its powerful frame in the hall leading to the private apartments of the Czar.

This great dog, said to be the largest of its species in the world, was presented to the Czarina some few years ago by her father, the King of Denmark.

It is stated that the Czar took a great liking to the animal from the moment of its arrival, and that he never goes on any prolonged journey without its company. Having but little confidence in those about him, he seems to concentrate his whole faith in the dog as a guardian of unfailing fidelity, and the dog, apparently, reciprocates the attachment.

When Nihilist rumors were rife, and documents of a threatening nature found their way to the very table of the Czar's private cabinet, the autocrat of all the Russias permitted the hound to sleep in the hall adjoining his bedroom. For some unexplained reason the dog became very suspicious of one of the Guardsmen, and growled continually when this man was put on duty as a sentinel in the palace.

Nothing was suspected of the man, nevertheless an investigation was ordered; but nothing could be found against him, yet, in order to pacify the dog, he was withdrawn from sentry duty.

In the case of another sentinel it is said that the hound leaped upon him, and nearly tore him to pieces the first time he saw him.

The Czar, hearing the cries for help, went to the door of his apartment, and hastily called the dog, which obeyed the summons.

The sentinel was found to be sadly lacerated, and the Czar directed that the injured man be cared for and compensated, but also ordered that he never be permitted to enter the palace again.

The autocrat apparently has faith in the judgment of the dog, whom he has named Peter, after the founder of Russia's greatness.

SHEET-STEALING IN INDIA.—A gentleman was traveling through the Soonderbuns in a native boat, that is to say, a boat surrounded by a mat constructed cabin. It was December, and as the cold north wind came oozing in through the matting, he drew his blanket over him on getting into bed. He awoke earlier than usual the next morning, feeling very cold, and wondering at the large amount of morning light that pervaded his cabin. To his dismay he found not only that he was blanketless, and that a hole two feet square had been cut in the matting, but that the sheet on which he had lain was no longer on the bed. The inference was clear that he had had a nocturnal visitor. He had heard stories of sheet lifting before; but not till now, that he had himself been successfully practised upon, did he believe that the feat could be accomplished. The scoundrel who covets the sheet under you approaches your beside armed with a feather, with which he gently tickles your ear. Accustomed as you are to be buzz of mosquitoes—which, by the way, have a notable penchant for singing in one's ears—you only fidget a little in your sleep, and turning on your side, press the ear that has been operated on on the pillow. Immediately the one half of the sheet thus released is rolled up lengthwise close under your back. The feather is then again cautiously applied to the exposed ear; you turn once more, and the other half of the sheet is released. One more tickle, adroitly administered, disengages the sheet altogether, and the rascal no doubt inwardly chuckles as he leaves you to your slumber.

COLD TEA.—Those who do not like to use ice as prodigally as some do in beverages, and yet like "cold tea," will find that they can have it without the ice. If you have no ice at all put the amount of tea required in a pitcher in the morning, and pour over it only enough water to cover it; let it stand for three or four hours, and you will find that all the flavor is extracted from the leaves. When you wish to serve pour fresh water, as cold as can be obtained, upon the tea, and you will have a delightful glass of tea, with none of the bitterness of "boiled" tea about it, and sufficiently cold.

SHE: "You profess to think a great deal of me. That is all right as long as everything is going pleasantly. But would you make any great sacrifice for my sake?" He: "You know I would. Haven't I offered to marry you?"

LINCOLN PARK.

At that favorite resort on the Delaware, Lincoln Park, among attractions this week is "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" the costly and beautiful electric display, "A Night in Venice," which became famous at the Chicago World's Fair; Concerts every day from 3 P. M. to 11 P. M., by Wannemacher's Band, and afternoon and evening the celebrated comedian and singer, Mr. Max Arnold. The boats leave Race and Christian Streets Wharves as follows: 8.30, 10, 11 A. M., 12 noon, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8.30 and 9.30 P. M. Round trip, 25 cents. Children under 10 years, 10 cents.

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By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served ninety days, or over, in the late war, are entitled, if now **partially** or wholly disabled for ordinary manual labor, whether disability was caused by service or not, and regardless of their pecuniary circumstances.

WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if **now** dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows **not** dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death **was** due to service.

CHILDREN are entitled (if under sixteen years) in almost all cases where there was no widow, or she has since died or remarried.

PARENTS are entitled if soldier **left neither widow nor child**, provided soldier **died in service, or from effects of service**, and they are **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. **It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.**

Soldiers of the late war, pensioned under one law, may apply for higher rates under other laws, without losing any rights.

Thousands of soldiers drawing from $2 to $10 per month under the **old law** are entitled to **higher rates** under **new law**, not only on account of disabilities for which now pensioned, but also for others, **whether due to service or not.**

Soldiers and sailors disabled in line of duty in **regular** army or navy **since the war** are also entitled, whether discharged for disability or not.

Survivors, and their widows, of the **Black Hawk, Creek, Cherokee and Seminole or Florida Indian Wars of 1832 to 1842, are entitled under a recent act.**

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Old claims completed and settlement obtained, whether pension has been granted under later laws or not.

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Humorous.

DID YOU EVER TRY—

To decorate smoke wreaths with the flowers of rhetoric?
To open match-locks with the keys of a piano?
To pluck a whip-lash from the eye of the wind?
To bend an arm of the sea round the waist of a ship?
To test a long wait in the scales of a fish?
To harness a clothes-horse to shafts of lightning?
To place a gun-stock round a neck of land?
To spin a hill-top with a string of incidents?
To run a mill-race over the course of events?
To tie a mail-packet with a line of soldiers?
To secure a stray thought with a chain of rocks?
To string a rainbow with a chord of harmony?
—B. C.

Corn is well provided with ears, but it's talk doesn't amount to much, it's too husky.

A hen on a farm doesn't mingle in promiscuous society; she has her own exclusive set.

Head of the firm: "What is that terrible noise?" Junior partner: "Just knocking down prices; that's all."

Guest: "This bill of fare is in French." Waiter: "Yes, sah; but de prices is in English, sah. Most folks goes by dem."

With some people it is not their own troubles so much as the happiness of their neighbors that disturbs them.

The inexperienced drinker who takes his whisky without water realizes that tears are not an evidence of weakness.

Somebody asks why ships are invariably spoken of in the female gender. But is this the case? What about mail steamers.

A late advertisement reads: "Wanted, a man and his wife as caretakers for a gentleman's country house. One must be sober." Was it too much to expect both to be?

German landlord, to agent for firm of wine-growers: "How is it you sell your red native wine than your white?" Agent: "Do you think we get the color for nothing?"

Society lady: "Almost every author gives a definition of poetry. Now what do you consider poetry to be?" Literary man: "Something that is almost impossible to sell."

Willie, scared: "Now we've milked the cow, what'll we do? Pop'll be awful mad." Jimmie, equal to the occasion: "We'll drive her down to the pond and fill her up with water."

Captain: "What is strategy in war? Give me an instance of it." Irish serjeant: "Well, strategby is when ye don't let the enemy dishcover that ye are out av ammunition, but keep right on firin'."

Dr. Thirdly: "When you go to bed, do you say the beautiful hymn about 'If I should die before I wake'?"

Little Hypatia, of Boston: "Oh, no; its verbal inaccuracies grate upon me! If I should die during sleep how could I wake?"

Waiter: "I expect you to pay in advance." Guest: "What do you mean, sir?" Waiter: "No offense, sir, whatever; but the last gentleman who ate mackerel here got a bone down his throat and died without paying, and the gov'nor took it out of my wages."

"Stop, sir! You needn't tell your story to me," sharply interrupted the cross-examining attorney; "address your remarks to the jury." "Are there any lawyers in the jury?" inquired the witness. "No, sir." "Gentlemen," began the witness, with marked emphasis on the word.

A lady told a party of friends that she had quarreled with her husband, and had planted a tree in memory of this their first falling out. "What a splendid idea!" whispered another lady in her husband's ear. "If we had adopted that plan, my dear, we might have had by now a fine avenue of trees in our garden."

"So you passed yourself as a widow while you were away, eh?" said Mr. Briggs to his spouse, who, by the way, is rather good looking. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, but I suppose you are not." "Of course I am not," was the reply. "I did so merely on Johnny's account. You have no idea how kind all the gentlemen were to him."

Mrs. Ronald, whose husband has just thrown a willow-pattern plate at her head: "Do you remember, Wilfred, when you could afford to throw a real Dresden china at my head?" Husband, after Mrs. Ronald has hammered him with an alpaca umbrella: "And do you remember when you used to break a $50 Paris sunshade over my head?" Duet: "Oh, don't I! Wasn't it lovely?"

"My dear," said the absent-minded professor, on entering the breakfast room, "don't alarm yourself, but a slight palsy has manifested itself in my left foot. In spite of the fact that the glass is below zero, my right foot rejoices in more than normal warmth, whereas the left is quite rigid and stiff, and cold as ice." Upon the advice of the family doctor, who was sent for without delay, the professor was put to bed, when it was discovered that he had two socks upon his right foot, while the left was entirely unprotected.

COULDN'T DECEIVE THE SUN.—A lady recently stood before the shop-window of a leading photographer in the city and seemed to take peculiar interest in an instantaneous picture of one of the principal streets, for she speedily entered the shop and purchased the photograph.

She soon subjected it to a much closer inspection, and was fully presuaded as to the identity of two figures that were standing in the street, and that had at first arrested her attention.

Immediately on reaching home she severely cross-examined her daughter—a blooming lassie of some eighteen summers—but the latter denied in the most persistent and positive fashion the accusation of having at any time paraded the streets in company with any young gentleman. On being shown the photograph, however, she saw that denials were useless, and made the inevitable acknowledgment.

It appears that the sun, with his usual impartiality, had brought the truth to light. Nor could she prove, to mamma's satisfaction, that her fascinating young teacher of music, in taking her out for a walk, had improved the occasion by giving her a lecture on counterpoint, though possibly he had instructed her in harmony.

The ardent young pianist was quickly dismissed, and now a vinegar-visaged spinster carries on the musical instruction.

TELL-TALE HANDS.—Chiromancers lay down the following rules for telling a murderer or one likely to commit murder upon the slightest provocation: The thumb has a round, bulbous appearance. It is also short, the nail is abbreviated and deeply buried in the flesh, which rises on either side and extends much above the surface. There is a remarkable or abnormal development of the "Mount of Mars," which, plainly speaking, means a thickening of the outside edge of the hand. Chiromancers say that persons with this mark, when in a passion, have rushes of blood to the brain which causes them to "see red." He has the "scaffold sign"—a violent and abrupt cutting off of the "line of the head" (the one running across the palm) by the line running toward the fingers from the wrist. There are but three lines in the palm (these occasionally reduced to two), and they are always of a bright scarlet.

AND STILL CARRIED ON.—Venice owes the accumulation of great wealth to one of her natives named Joquin. It was in the year 1656 that he observed that the scales of a fish called the bleakfish possessed the property of giving a milky hue to water. After experimenting with it he discovered that when beads were dipped into it and then dried they assumed the appearance of pearls. This covering, however, was easily worn away, and successive experiments led to the manufacture of hollow glass beads, all blown separately, then polished in revolving cylinders and finally coated inside with the pearly liquid, the latter being protected with wax. This branch of industry is carried in Venice to this day.

AN OMNIBUS FOR CHURCH-GOING.—There is a Northumberland, Eng., incumbent who determined to have the palm for a novel suggestion in the matter of parochial organization. He is anxious to get a "parochial omnibus," which shall be used on Sundays (especially on wet days) for bringing people to church from outlying hamlets. He expresses his belief that farmers would be glad in turn to lend their horses for the purpose. The idea is really not a bad one. Persons who have lived all their lives in towns have no notion of the difficulties in the way of church-going presented by rainy weather and muddy roads.

AS THE KING DOES.—In many savage Courts it is the rule to do whatever the king does. If he stands, everyone stands; if he sits, everyone sits. When he falls off his horse, all, who are with him must fall off their horses; if he chooses to bathe, all the passers-by must go into the water, with the clothes, good or bad, which they happen to have on. Such is the custom in Celebes.

REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Grand Encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the World.

The biennial encampment of the Supreme Lodge and grand encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the world will be held at the National Capital August 27th to September 5th.

For this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. will sell round trip tickets at reduced rates from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, August 23rd to 28th inclusive, valid for return trip until September 6th: a further extension of time to September 15th can be secured, provided the ticket is deposited with the joint agent at Washington, D. C., on or before September 6th.

The rate from Philadelphia will be $4 00, Pittsburgh $8.00, Cumberland $4 55, and correspondingly low rates from all other stations.

FOR THE MINISTER.—We have heard of a little girl who has learned to adapt herself to circumstances.

She wrote a composition entitled "The Cow." It had two great merits—brevity and truth. It ran thus:

"The cow is a very useful animal."

That afternoon the minister called at the house, and the little girl's mother asked her to read her composition to him. She read it with emendations and improvements:

"The cow is the most useful animal except religion."

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